THE COMMONWEAL

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PRAGMATIC SANCTIONS

PRAGMATISM is really ancient news. The idea that Professor William James, of Harvard, or Professor John Dewey, of Chicago, were its inventors or did more than gather it, like the precious element of nitrogen, from the circumambient air, has little currency today among the moderately enlightened. Nevertheless it is with us in a concrete and familiar form it did not once possess. Those afflicted with a vision of ultimate beauty, ultimate truth and ultimate wisdom must be prepared to put up with its usurpations with as good a grace as they can muster, and in a measure that grows with the years.

Timeliness is one of the most important elements in the diffusion of any description of ideology. That the time was ripe for the limitation of the good by the useful was apparent at least twenty decades before The Will to Believe came from the classic groves beside the River Charles, or The Study of Ethics from the fastnesses of Mayor Thompson's bailiwick. Throughout the hundred and fifty years which followed the dogmatic orgy of the seventeenth century thousands, perhaps millions, of prim behaviorists had been practising pragmatism, as little aware that philosophy would one day be used to justify their compromise as the artillery corporal who aims his piece by the "gunner's rule" is aware that the whole system of triangulation stands at his back. Even farther away in time there are gleams and glimpses that make us suspect pragmatism to be a deposit in human nature rather than the fruit of human speculation. Dogberry, when he instructed his watch to let the midnight prowler go who would not stand to their summons and to "thank God you are rid of a knave" was no less a pragmatist of the first water because he was a pioneer.

Preoccupation with the tangible always has been and always will be the foe of pure science. Those who make organic research their occupation are not less irritated by the public itch to see, taste and handle than the thinker who makes the mystery of man's destiny beyond time his unremunerated concern. Who does not remember Max Gottlieb, the lonely and aloof chemist of Sinclair Lewis's Arrowsmith, driven to distraction because the formulae upon which he brooded were snatched from his hand by practical men, anxious only to apply them and out of patience with his incessant verifications?

All this is only saying that the infinite, under whatever exact forms it presents itself, is hard to live with. Any system that will abate its demands and mark off a sphere wherein it can disport itself with decorum but without obtrusiveness will always find a welcome. To enter into communion with it at times, very much

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as an eccentric but somehow illustrious house guest is brought down on company days for purposes of exhibition and reflected glory, is one thing. To be exposed to its irruptions, at any moment and in any conjuncture, is quite another. "Were there but world enough and time!" Pragmatism seemed to offer the necessary working compromise. Its popularity was predestined.

Nor is it any wonder that we are watching the system more and more suggested as a solvent for religious difficulties, which seem to thicken as regard for dogmatic religion wanes. No less than three articles in the current Atlantic Monthly, a thoughtful organ which is becoming with each number more an open forum for discussing the imponderable, deal with the impact of the concrete upon the abstract and vice versa. Science and Modern Life, by Dr. Robert A. Millikan, a leading physicist and chairman of the administrative council of the California Institute of Technology, is a plea for a sane optimism in our outlook upon mechanized life, and for salvation through the things which the writer naturally has most at heart. Dr. Millikan is disquieted by phenomena which appear most widely among those minds to which science (and pragmatism) is no solace. "It is literature and art," he opines, "much more than science, which have been the prey of those influences through which the chief menace to our civilization comes." Literature especially he finds "infested here and there with unbridled license, with emotional, destructive, oversexed, neurotic influences, the product of men who are. . . incompetent to think anything through to its consequences." But when it is a question of a remedy for these ills, the doctor's faith in what science has to offer is "instant and unambiguous." "Within the past half-century," he tells us, "as a direct result of the findings of modern science, there has developed an evolutionary philosophy—an evolutionary religion if you will—which has given a new emotional basis to life. . . . " "Is it," he asks, "too much to say that modern science has remade philosophy and revivified religion?"

A pathetic interest attaches to the article From the Known to the Unknown, by Robert Keable, once of momentary fame, not to say notoriety, as the author of a "contentious" piece of fiction, Simon Called Peter. Since writing it the author has himself made the unreturnable passage and his words reach us from the silence where no question seeks an answer. Mr. Keable, once an Episcopal clergyman, had the experience, not, one believes, uncommon in any age, of finding himself with all the old ground for belief cut away from under his feet, yet somehow conscious that the emotional power of the Christian story was unimpaired. Convinced that "to go on upbuilding the Christ of a myth" is labor lost, it is to pragmatism that he turns for a "via media." "What in the world does it matter," we are asked, "whether or not it [the Gospel story] is historically true? It is in fact a gem of beauty, and the souls of men need the purifying and strengthening power of beauty and imagination when they will only shrivel and die on the bare facts of history."

No one has done more than Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, president of Saint Stephen's College, of Annandale-on-Hudson, to keep the lessons of his creed and church in their true perspective before the adolescent mind. As Episcopal preacher at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Vassar and Wellesley, and as the author of such inspirational books as The Good News, Postmodernism and Other Essays, Dr. Bell is a voice that cannot be ignored when, in his article, The Church and the Undergraduate, he tells us that the Christian message is failing in its appeal not through the narrowness, but through the very wideness, of its diffusion. Morality (always as the undergraduate understands it) he finds as sharply conditioned by time, place and circumstance as food or clothing. "It is moral for a Turk to have three wives at once: moral for a citizen of Nevada to have three wives seriatim, etc. . . . It all depends upon the group to which one by birth or by choice belongs." Unshaken, as one would expect to find, in his own belief that good is an absolute thing, he sees a remedy for the confusion and even disrepute that result from preaching it broadcast, only in a frank admission of the group idea. "He [the undergraduate] ought to be helped to see that it is quite all right to conform to the world's standards, provided the good which is offered to those who would conform seems a sufficient good." It is only the group which "deems the good offered by Christ's church to be better and more satisfying" which can be expected even to listen to the church's message. Preached in any other way there is more than a danger that it may present itself as "grotesque," even "laughable."

Sooner or later pragmatism—the substitution of usefulness (spiritual if one is spiritual—emotional if one is emotional, scientific if one is neither) was bound to present the churches with the dilemma whose profile we are watching in all three of the thoughtful and urbane essays we have ventured to quote from. Shall the message be diluted in its content or confined in its scope? Shall the good that exists in a world outwardly pagan be given full right of citizenship at the risk of intensifying the world's complacency? Or shall the lesson that God and Mammon cannot be served together, and that it were better for a man not to be born than to choose the baser deliberately, be preached in no uncertain voice at the risk of incurring its enmity, ridicule and misunderstanding. This much may be asserted. No compassion for the multitude must ever shake a conviction that our common enemy is the world of which that multitude is the victim. To think otherwise—to say otherwise, to suffer anything other to be believed—is to be a partner in the curse that rests upon those who remove their neighbors' landmarks. From pragmatism to Laodiceanism, from admiring both to not caring which, is but a step. But it is a step across a frontier whose posts display the escutcheons of heaven and hell.

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WEEK BY WEEK

SENATOR ROBINSON of Indiana has been engaged in persistent though rather puerile attempts to divert some of the aroma of corruption emanating from the Teapot Dome oil scandal from former Republican office-holders to prominent Democrats. His objective, as he has expressed it, is to see that "oil will not be an issue in 1928." In his endeavors in this direction he has woven a fantastic skein of near truths from which he makes deductions to which, so far, none of his Republican colleagues has had the hardihood to give public assent. That his irresponsible (legally and actually) harangues have involved attempts to blacken the reputations of prominent public officials living and dead, against whom even the Senator from Indiana has not dared to suggest that there is any ground for accusations of unfaithfulness or corruption, is seemingly of no concern to him.

THE whole affair leaves a decidedly bad taste in the mouth. The constitution necessarily assumes that members of the House and Senate will be responsible individuals, and there is a popular tradition that they should also be gentlemen. With the rise of the demagogic type of statesmanship in recent years, however, there is some reason to believe that the assumption and belief in the tradition are not always justified. Both the Senate and the House have power to restrict the irresponsible utterances of their respective members—and have already done so to a limited extent, as in the case of remarks derogatory to other Senators or to states. Perhaps, in the interests of common decency, a more extensive use of this power of the two Houses would be justified. In self-defense Congress should try to retain the respect the electorate still accords it.

VIGOROUS civic recommendations, in which the National Catholic Welfare Conference took an important part, should result in winning the assent of Congress for some such measure to correct immigration in its bearing upon the family as that sponsored by Representative MacGregor of New York. Under the act of 1924, foreign quotas were arranged in such a way as to stimulate the departure from the home country of heads of families, who later discovered that it was practically impossible to gain admittance for their wives and children. The evil effects of this situation have long been obvious. As Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco declared, "Every citizen realizes the inhumanity of keeping apart husband and wife, parent and child. Yet there are thousands of such cases in our country today." The new bill proposes to create during two years a "pool" constituting half of the total immigration quotas, and then to fill this up with "families" on the basis of a first come, first served principle. This suggestion has the endorsement of almost all groups concerned with the problem. It would not increase the sum total of immigration and would, as far as one is able to judge, remedy much of the extant evil. One is glad to observe that agencies as disparate as the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. and the American Federation of Labor are here aligned on the same side of an important question.

THE electrical disturbance which has just been happening inside the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution calls attention less to the ultra-patriotic bias of certain women than to a serious fault lodged in the character of much organized opinion. It is charged that the Daughters are maintaining a "black list" comprised of the names of those citizens adjudged to be too "radical" to deserve lecture engagements. There is nothing wrong with such a list in the abstract. Everybody draws up, more or less consciously, a catalogue of persons to whom he does not care to listen. But one is genuinely astonished at learning that the Daughters have discountenanced, on moral grounds, such men as Senator Borah and Dean Roscoe Pound. The second was rendered reprehensible, presumably, by his admirably democratic temper of mind! Nobody will believe that such a verdict represents the opinion of an organization numbering so many fine women among its members. What has happened, we think, is something which is constantly and irritatingly happening—the passing of the right to decide upon such matters into the hands of a small committee, which gets its authority from the circumstance that it is eager to undertake work shirked by people of larger minds and more varied interests, for want of time or energy. There is nothing at all so bad in our American organizations as this drift of authority into the hands of

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unrepresentative and illiberal committees. In revealing this fault our societies are actually, however, calling attention to a fateful defect of our democratic methods as a whole.

FORCES making for disbelief spare none of the seven ages of man. There is probably no period within the average life of thought or of action when the devilish whisper that would have faith futility does not present fresh arguments to the pilgrim of eternity. Observation seems to show that the temptation is particularly active during that stage of early manhood or womanhood when the whole panorama of human thought is contemplated for the first time. The decision of the National Catholic Alumni Federation to choose the theme of the struggle between belief and disbelief in a student's mind for its pageant, The Battle Called Life, when it meets at the Hotel Waldorf in New York on April 20, for its third convention, is a picturesque and thoroughly timely one. Arranged by the Reverend Daniel Lord, S.J., who coöperated in the De Mille film, The King of Kings, the pageant lays under contribution the immemorial association of cloister and university in the work of humane education. Beginning with the emergence of the early Christian Church from the catacombs, the story proceeds to show the monastic life of prayer and study out of which university education proceeded, the rush of Europe's young manhood to the crusades, the historic landing in 1492, when Providence willed that the Cross should be the emblem of the great discovery, and the social and educational activities of contemporary college education under the aegis of faith. As a dramatic and convincing exposition of a mass of tradition and fact that confronts us every day of our busy lives, the pageant of the Catholic Alumni bids fair to mark a memorable date in Catholic consciousness in America.

FEW men are so integrally themselves in public life as Representative James A. Gallivan, who died during Holy Week, consistently was. He believed very firmly in a number of things and never allowed anybody to interfere with his allegiance to them. It was, of course, inevitable that a man so utterly "American-Irish" should have got all the fun he possibly could out of his favorite crusades. His oratorical method —akin in this respect to Mr. Dooley's matchless art —gave very little indication that he was unusually well-educated, a good lawyer and a master of the English phrase. The fact that racy expression, combined with a relative amount of sardonic exaggeration, could hold the ear of the average citizen delighted Mr. Gallivan. There never was a more rollicky ruffling of diplomatic sedateness than that provoked by his speech charging that American ambassadors in Europe had gone to all lengths in dodging social companionship with Mayor Jimmie Walker. That he could, when occasion demanded, become wholly serious is proved by his effort to bring the situation in Mexico to the notice of Congress. We owe lasting thanks to his memory for this service, which few were willing to undertake under any circumstances, and which none could have rendered as well as he did. Mr. Gallivan will be sincerely and widely mourned. As a Catholic "man of the people" he had few if any rivals.

WE BELIEVE the time is coming (it should have dawned long ago) when the leading organs of American opinion will seek assistance from Catholic authorities on occasions where there is question of printing discussion of problems that involve Catholic points of view. At present magazines which are fortified against being fooled by amateur economists or literati seem positively gullible about matters of fact involving the Church. We are very much mistaken if this situation does not result in a positive drifting away of Catholic support from the offending journals. One is not so much angered by opposition as by the insult involved (often, we believe, quite unconsciously) in not taking the trouble to verify statements about the Church in the same fashion as one would verify statements regarding political history. An instance to the point is a paper about matrimony, contributed to the April Harper's by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Here the history and function of the Rota is totally misapprehended, and it is asserted that sexual morality is dealt with differently when the penitent happens to be wealthy than when he is unfortunate enough to be poor. On this last point the author's knowledge—it is evident—must be large and varied indeed! Hers is simply an ignorant and contemptible insinuation—a charge we hate to advance against any woman, but which in this case needs to be brought forward frankly. Incidentally we feel that she has maligned Protestants no less than Catholics. What can she make, one wonders, of such a zealous person as old Hamann, whose protests against "enlightened views" of marriage in his time might well be resurrected to help dispose of the same sophistry in our own day?

ONE of those wonderful illustrated magazines which seem to exist for the purpose of furnishing loyal British subjects with a new picture of King George and Queen Mary every week has just been lamenting the unwillingness of the young Englishman of the upper middle classes to compete for commissions in the post-war army. The reluctance is alleged to be so marked that the military authorities are seriously perturbed, and may possibly have to consider measures that will restore the popularity of the land services. Meantime the writer of the article to which we refer considers a few developments that may be contributory causes of the change. The overwhelming casualties among junior infantry officers that were so marked a feature of the late war he thinks may well be one. Ready enough to risk his life when some compensatory chance of winning distinction, even of a posthumous sort, can be set against it, the youth contemplating the

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choice of a life career may well hesitate when drudgery, during years of peace, and a speedy and anonymous end during the first week of hostilities, is the best prospect military life offers him.

ANOTHER reason suggested rather than stated is an impression gaining ground among the younger generation that the glitter and parade which have kept the service popular till now are unreal things for which contemporary war will have no room, and that the world is on the eve of bidding a final farewell to "the plumed troop, and the great wars, that makes ambition virtue" in favor of the specialist and mechanic, who will quite as effectively be recruited from the civil population at need. Georges Sorel, in considering the fall of the Roman empire, has given a leading place to the disrepute which descended upon military service among the more thoughtful and enlightened classes, and which left the legions to be officered by adventurers of an unsocial type. While such a situation seems far away from the British empire, it is at least interesting to see the caste system upon which its far-flung army has been officered menaced not from without but from within.

WRITING from Hartford, Connecticut, a reader of the New York Times has protested vigorously against a sentence in a despatch from its correspondent at Louvain: "Cardinal Mercier and his hatred of Germany have gone to their last rest." The protest, we think, is thoroughly in order, and The Commonweal takes all the more pleasure in standing behind it because, in its own columns it approved the decision of the Cardinal's martyred city not to inscribe a memorial with words which might look like a national refusal to forgive and forget. How anyone who knew of, far less knew, the dead Cardinal could associate his luminous and gentle mind with any sentiment so crude as hatred we cannot understand. But we think the words which the Hartford correspondent (and we ourselves) object to arise from confused thinking rather than from any deliberate desire to belittle an established reputation. For if hatred be, as Longfellow has told us, "the one unpardonable sin," indignation is a sentence that the divine within man passes and has every right to pass upon the work of the beast within man. That the dead shepherd's heart burned with indignation during the tragic days of the German putsch upon his unoffending and neutral flock we are not only ready but glad to remember. It was this very indignation, coming from such a source, which made him, in the well-chosen words of the Hartford writer, "an avenging angel" and one of "the two outstanding figures of the war." We only wish that more of this divine faculty of indignation survived into our own day, and that we were not increasingly forced to contemplate its failure to energize the public conscience into action when graft, corruption, abuse of force majeure, make their appearance.

JUST why the original manuscript of Alice in Wonderland should be worth $75,000, and therefore be beyond the reach of any excepting American fortunes, is a little difficult to understand. One wishes that poor Mrs. Hargreaves, to whom life has been hard since the days when she listened to Dodgson (or Lewis Carroll) tell the story, might have been able to keep the manuscript and finally make a handsome gift of it to the museum of her country. It is even more difficult not to wish that in cases like the present certain Americans had less money. There is an ethical but no great emotional difference between a conquering hero like Napoleon, who carts off art treasure in his chariots, and a financier who sends it home via registered mail. But life, which has been none too kind to Alice herself, deals harshly with our literary sentimentalities. It may even be that the "spirit of life," surveying our accumulations, laughs bitterly and hard at the strange series of literary anomalies coming here in every shipload. We could not recapture Whistler alive, and so we are bringing him back dead. The manuscripts and relics of Keats, who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be identified with any landscapes other than England or Italy, have been brought over here for a laborious autopsy. A chair which, it is assumed, Marie Antoinette once found comfortable, has moved up and down Park Avenue half a dozen times. Are we really enthralled by the "delicate high beauty" of all these things? Or are we doing something akin to Alice's rabbit, who took a watch out of his pocket?

REGARDING Mr. Jack J. Spalding, of Atlanta, Georgia, the most recent recipient of the Laetare Medal, we are happy to quote the following from the Bulletin issued by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia: "As a member of the Bar, he has few peers in the southern states. His name has been linked with those of Georgia's most distinguished sons during nearly two generations; there are few men who have done as much for the material and spiritual upbuilding of the South into that marvelous period which began with its rise from the depths of despair and continued through a period of undreamed-of progress to its present high state of development and promise. The building of great railroads, mills, power plants and numerous other enterprises may be traced in many cases to him, and he has never been too busily engaged in legal, business or financial activities to devote time to civic movements of merit." The Bulletin goes on to add that Mr. Spalding's "efforts in behalf of Catholic charities are nation-wide"; that he is a founder and former president of the Laymen's Association; and that his modesty of character has become proverbial.

NOW that the time is approaching when Commander Byrd will be starting for his exploration of Antarctica, it may be interesting to note that Professor Meinardus of Göttingen has recently published a memoir on that district, which he believes to consist almost entirely of

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heaped-up ice, with a very small core of rock and land. He estimates that there are twenty-six quadrillion cubic yards of ice weighing twenty quadrillion tons. (If you want to write it in figures set down five blocks of three ciphers each, thus—000—after your initial figure.) There is enough ice there to cover Europe to a depth of 6,500 feet or the whole earth to that of 130 feet, and if it were all melted down the height of the ocean would be raised about one hundred feet. One quarter of a million years it has taken to build up this mass of ice. Yet some day it may well disappear, when temperatures change and some other place becomes cold. Spitzbergen is so cold today that the tallest tree there—a species of willow—grows to a maximum height of less than six inches. Yet the presence there of open seams of coal shows that it must once have enjoyed a sub-tropical climate, at least.

IN CONNECTION with the recent exposure of the true character of the so-called Hesperopithecus tooth, a further statement which appears in the current number of our contemporary, Science, is of great interest. A year ago Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne published in the journal just mentioned a genealogical diagram of man's descent, at the root of which tree were first of all the celebrated but now discredited tooth, and secondly a number of what were claimed to be bone implements, the work of man's hands but found in Pliocene deposits, i. e., in strata far below any which had up to that time yielded evidence of man's presence on earth. These implements have now been subjected to an exhaustive examination by Professor N. C. Nelson of the American Museum of Natural History, who has come to the conclusion that these bone objects, which were found in the Snake Creek deposits, are not the work of man's hands and afford, consequently, no evidence of human existence at the early period claimed in the genealogy alluded to above. Thus the bones must, in company with the tooth, find their resting place on the scrap-heap of mistakes to which we alluded in a recent article.

PAN ON BOX HILL

IT MAY be that one reads George Meredith for the pleasure there is in metaphors. No other explanation seems to account for the peculiar fate of this novelist, whose significance has been conceded so enthusiastically but whose influence is even yet so very small. Where is the living fiction writer who, during this year of the Meredithian centenary, would rise to proclaim his deep indebtedness to the creator of Diana and Sir Willoughby Patterne? And yet, what reader of modern English has not marveled at the exquisite anapestic restlessness of his prose; at the deliberately attained mastery of a psychology which, contrary to the spirit of all contemporary research in human nature, set out to endow the heroic with the exciting strangeness of the morbid; and at the quite unusual combination of devotedness to art for art's sake with respect for the most intricate intuitions? The person who has not contemplated the spectacle of Sir Willoughby is unaware of how vast and exhilarating the prowess of ironic contemplation can become.

And yet the charm of the figures of speech often seems to be the main thing. There are such multitudes of them, flashing, shimmering, alighting momentarily everywhere. They transmute Meredithian description into inwardly illuminated manuscript. They tiptoe, like living lighted candles, into the shadows which analysis would explore. And, granted the right kind of reader, they come to exist for their own sake, independently of the narrative. That, of course, belies their intention. Meredith's true greatness is to be found, or very nearly, in the circumstance that his extraordinary command of metaphor grew straight out of his conception of life and art. Life was to be, he thought, a process of correcting romanticist weaknesses through the steady application of intelligence. This involved pausing countless times to take what were virtually snapshots of oneself in various random attitudes. And if one were then caught striking a pose at variance with the normal, healthy rhythm of the universe, the comic sense would dictate improvement. Similarly the business of art became an enterprise of the endlessly clicking camera, making clear the lapses of men and women into the ridiculous and the artificial, revealing the sturdy stride of those who had learned to keep in step with the winds.

Shakespeare has spoken of holding a mirror up to nature. Meredith, however, with his diligent lenses, is forever catching hold of nature in a congeries of mirrors. Richard Feverel's father tries to keep his son in certain fixed positions, but the poor lad knows (and Meredith knows with him) that he looks cramped and stupid. How he comes to life, grows into beauty, in that glorious scene with Lucy! Sir Willoughby is pursued night and day by his investigator. Hundreds of pictures of him accumulate, all of them laughable. Each and every one of Meredith's books is an album. In some there is a noticeable concentration on particular scenes —a lingering over loveliness and comedy. In others, the flutter from page to page grows restless and swift. How natural it is that even the diction of a novelist like this should break up into pictures—metaphors, comparisons, mere verbal snapshots struggling to portray thought as narrative portrays life.

The weakness of the Meredith books seems to lie in a certain inconsistency embedded in the mechanics of the camera. It became impossible to coördinate all the material. Failure to distinguish what was permanent in the individual under scrutiny from what was transitory disturbed the unity of the dramatic trend. Finally, the fact that not verisimilitude but the gathering of data for a critical estimate was the object, cast over the whole enterprise an atmosphere of separation from real life which could not fail, in the end, to make Meredith's art as much a projection of the intel-

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ligence as Fichte's philosophy was. The sphere of his activity is the idea rather than being. Of course he wanted—and admirably enough—real flesh and blood, "wind-beaten but ascending." But he never actually got more than pictures of them. It may be that his women are so much more appealing than his men for the simple reason that he was not able to look at them so detachedly, critically, as he could look at men.

Whatever our final estimate of him is, no time faithful in any measure to the best English literary impulses is likely to ignore either his stimulating virility or the fine comedy of his glance. Corrective of romanticist extravagances he always must remain. One wishes he might have been endowed with something more of the corporate sense, of charity. But to a man of his time and environment advance toward nobility seemed to be a strictly individual adventure, the success of which was almost directly measurable by the degree of aloofness from the crowd. Therein lies, it may well be, another covert suggestion of how necessary to both complete life and representative art is the sense of "Corpus Christi fidelium."

MR. CROWE'S NEST

CITIZENS who reside at a safe distance must fancy life in Chicago extraordinarily thrilling. The accomplishment of crime seems to keep in step perfectly with the tempo of existence there, and every time a primary election takes place civic enthusiasm hardly knows any bounds. Within the last week or so, conscientious objectors to the Deneen forces (in which the desire to rid the political scene of William Hale Thompson et al. is very strong) have distributed bombs with a generosity that reminds one of an offensive on the Western Front. The federal government has been petitioned to furnish troops in order that the integrity of the ballot boxes—and incidentally the health of citizens—may be preserved. Appealed to by the Union Ministers' Conference of the Chicago Federation of Churches, 100,000 people raised their voices in prayer that "a civic awakening will impel all good citizens to register on March 13, and that at the primary election a mighty host of patriots shall strike terror to the agents of darkness and political corruption." Meanwhile Mayor Thompson and prohibition have come to grips over the right of the city to arrest an enforcement official accused of having joined in the general enterprise of crime.

One needs to bear in mind, of course, that Chicago is a vast city, populated for the most part by simple, hard-working folk who are not addicted to even target practice. Nevertheless their municipal affairs have got completely out of control, as a result of circumstances bequeathed, more or less, by the current of American political history. Some of these people are utterly baffled; and their turning toward heaven for aid and guidance is a sincere petition that the world may be cleansed of a plague. Others, however, profess to see more clearly the secret springs of the present disarray. Thus the Christian Century believes that the reason is "simply that the office of state's attorney of Cook County is now the most powerful political office within the state of Illinois. . . . And it has become, in the hands of the present occupant, the key position in the operation of the most sordid, most rapacious gang in the history of the state." The same point is made by the highly respected and fearless Judge Daniel P. Thode: "Robert E. Crowe is and has been all along the key to the whole crime situation in Chicago, including the bombings. If Crowe really wanted to clean these things up he could do it without a question. He is the man responsible." The conclusion is, therefore, that the next primary must substitute another man (who happens to be Judge John A. Swanson, recently nearly the victim of a bomb outrage) for Mr. Crowe.

We hold no brief for Mr. Crowe. It is relatively obvious, however, that he would have been out of office long since, had it not been that he was shrewd enough to win the public favor by taking the auspicious attitude toward a question of great interest to the majority of Chicago citizens. This question is prohibition. The federal law, as incorporated into Chicago experience, has allowed no middle ground between a municipal régime vowed to rigid enforcement and a régime permitting or even encouraging illicit traffic in liquor. Voters have decided in favor of the second. In doing so they succeeded in keeping their cellars relatively well stocked, but they opened the door wide to all kinds of viciousness. The kind of people who gamble heavily on vast cargoes of booze; who fight each other for privileges; who encourage subterranean activities—gambling, for instance—which from time immemorial have clung to unregulated saloon business in the United States; and who balk at nothing that will keep open the avenues to profit—these all have thriven in Chicago and indulged in spectacular crime. For every overt deed of violence there have been dozens of instances of corruption, fraud, cruelty and vice. We do not see how Mr. Crowe or anybody else can oppose prohibition in Chicago without encouraging the evils attendant upon bootlegging. Former Mayor Dever couldn't and was honest enough to say so.

May it not be imperatively necessary to see in the Chicago situation something like a test case of the public attitude toward prohibition? The citizens of that city never desired a Volstead Act. They have considered its imposition upon them inimical to their interests and contrary to their sense of justice. Must they make the heroic resolve to accept it nevertheless, and so recover safety and respectability for their city? Or shall we as a nation confess, one of these days, that uncompromising drought has been a mistake? We offer no brief for either solution. But the observer is likely to conclude, if he peers a little under the American surface, that one is as likely to be accepted as the other. Therein lies the moral tragedy of Chicago.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR RUBBER

By GEORGE E. ANDERSON

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the price of crude rubber was of practically no popular interest whatsoever. Today it affects almost every home in the land. Accordingly, when the price of this commodity on the New York market fell from about $.41 per pound to about $.24 per pound during the six weeks between the first of February and the middle of March, there was a general feeling throughout the country that something had happened. On the face of things this ought to mean cheaper automobile tires, and perhaps it may. But in this drop in the price of the tire industry's chief raw material the rubber "buying pool"—a combination composed of the principal rubber manufacturers of the country formed to stabilize the price of the raw material—lost in inventory values alone something like twenty million dollars. And sooner or later someone will have to make good that loss. In the long run it is not likely to be the manufacturer for he cannot bear such losses often and live; more likely, in the long run, it will be the consumer who bears the loss. At all events, since sales of rubber goods in the United States now average close to one and a quarter billion dollars in value annually, the situation merits consideration.

There are few raw materials of great importance to the men in the street which have shown the wide and spectacular fluctuations displayed by rubber. Sometimes the consumer can buy a tire, we will say, for $40.00 and sometimes he is able to buy the same tire for $20.00. It is thus pretty much a gamble. It is more of a gamble for the manufacturer for while tires manufactured with rubber at a low price might be sold at a higher price when rubber rises, they seldom are—competition is too keen for that. When rubber falls in value tires manufactured with high-priced rubber also show a tendency to sag in price. This is serious enough but it tells only a part of the tale.

From the nature of the business most rubber factories find it necessary to maintain a stock of crude rubber on hand sufficient for their needs for at least six weeks, sometimes much longer. It usually takes about three months for rubber to pass from the plantation to the retail, finished-product dealer in the United States. This means an immense investment in the raw material. The stock of crude rubber can be carried on the books of the manufacturer only at current market values, and when 40,000 tons, the amount which is said to have been acquired by the buying pool alone in the course of its operations to stabilize the market, cost in the neighborhood of $.40 a pound and later can be inventoried at only about $.24 a pound, the $.16 per pound means, plainly, a great deal of money. Undoubtedly it would be better if, instead of gambling on buying a tire at $40.00 or perhaps $20.00, the buyer could count upon buying one at $30.00. In the long run he would be better off while the manufacturer would be saved these stupendous losses and in the long run could make the same tires for less money.

Then, too, there is the plantation owner. There is a vast variation in the cost of producing crude rubber but the variation is not in seasons or in crops so much as in varying conditions under which it is produced. As a result of excellent management, favored location, scientific knowledge and the most modern methods of handling the product, there is an American company operating in the Dutch East Indies which can produce rubber at about $.10 a pound. There are other plantations which cannot produce rubber at twice that price. The result is that when the price of crude rubber goes below a certain limit many of the plantations face ruin. If there was an over-supply of rubber these plantations would automatically be eliminated from the situation by the brutal rule of the survival of the fittest but there has been no over-supply of the gum, counting over considerable periods, and the world needs these comparatively backward plantations.

A prospective shortage of the product would raise the price of rubber to a point where these plantations could make a profit and stay in business. Counting over considerable periods again, prices have averaged high enough to keep the growers at the game but not high enough to make it as profitable as the growers think it ought to be—perhaps not as profitable as in all fairness it ought to be. If the price could be stabilized at a fair level which would assure the average grower a fair profit, the entire business, down to the ultimate consumer, would be benefited.

It was with this end in view that the British government in the fall of 1923 inaugurated a plan known as the Stevenson Restriction Act. British rubber producers then had a dominating position. After considerable canvassing of the situation it was decided that a price of a shilling and threepence (or $.30) constituted a fair rate for crude rubber, and the act provided that when the average price of rubber for three months fell below that rate the amount of rubber which could be exported from British colonies in the ensuing three months should be reduced, while, if the price averaged more than a minimum margin above that price, the amount of rubber to be exported would be increased for the next three months. That plan has been in operation for nearly five years. Unfortunately for its success, and particularly unfortunately for the British rubber grower, the Dutch government and Dutch producers refused to go into the restriction scheme. The Dutch producers at that time were a very considerable factor in production. There were also many important producing interests in other

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parts of Malaysia and the far East, in Africa and in South America. These producers were able to ship their entire output and, of course, sell it at approximately the price established by the restrictionists.

One result was increased development of Dutch and other independent rubber production. Then too, while the British government fixed a theoretical price for crude rubber it was nearly always possible to buy rubber below that price. There also entered the factor of reclaimed rubber, i. e., rubber reclaimed from old tires and other discarded rubber manufactures. This amounted to comparatively little at first but as the price of rubber continued fairly high the production of reclaimed rubber increased. One authority places the production of reclaimed rubber in the United States last year at 246,000 tons. Other authorities claim that this estimate is too high but the fact remains that the production of reclaimed rubber became a very important factor in the situation, especially since, in the United States, rubber can be reclaimed at a cost of from $.09 to $.14 a pound.

All these factors weakened the Stevenson restriction plan but the really controlling factor seems to have been that, while there has been some dispute as to whether production has exceeded demand or demand has exceeded production, there seems to be no question but that production—even under restriction—and the stocks in hand, together with reclaimed rubber, have exceeded consumption. Therefore there has been constant uneasiness in the market. In 1927 the play of supply and demand and the concomitants of speculation and market manipulation by the American buying pool, kept the range of price fluctuation to the limit of $.09 per pound—between a high point which mounted to $.42 and a low point of $.33. But it was a more or less artificial market, there was a tendency to sag, and particularly the British producer, restricted in the amount of rubber he could ship from his plantation, was not getting his share of the money actually spent for the world's crude rubber supplies. There has always been a considerable element among the British plantation owners in favor of a free market and this element has been increasing its influence.

At all events, on February 8, Premier Baldwin announced in the House of Commons that he had instructed the Civil Research Committee of the British cabinet to make an investigation of the present situation of the rubber industry, especially with respect to the operation of the Restriction Act, and to make a report with recommendations. This announcement has now been followed by the definite promise that the curb will be lifted on November 1. Prices have naturally sagged, an almost catastrophic decline having been registered during the past week.

Now there are several points at which this rubber situation impinges upon American interests with unpleasant force. In the first place, on an average, something more than three-fourths of the total rubber production of the world are consumed in the United States. American consumers of baby-bottle nipples and automobile tires have, therefore, an overwhelming interest in securing an adequate supply of the crude product. Unfortunately they are forced to depend upon the plantations owned by other people, mostly British and Dutch but also Belgian, French, Malaysian and what-not. It takes the rubber production of 3,000,000 acres to supply the rubber manufacturers of the United States with their raw rubber material, but of this 3,000,000 acres, Americans own only about one hundred thousand—just about 3 1-3 percent. So long as the supply of the crude product is adequate and the price reasonable there has been little worry on this score—not enough worry in fact. But when supply threatens to fall short of demand or when the price rises unduly by manipulation or otherwise, there has usually been a loud outcry. During the world war the situation of American rubber manufacturers was precarious indeed, and it was only by government arrangement that an agreement was reached which gave the United States its required supplies.

In the collapse of rubber prices after the war there was again a period of lethargy on the part of American consumers, but when the price of rubber rose in 1925 as a result of the operation of the Stevenson restriction scheme and market manipulation, the situation in the United States became so unsatisfactory that there was an organized movement sponsored by the government for the establishment of American rubber plantations, and a comprehensive world survey of practicable rubber production countries was undertaken by the Department of Commerce in Washington. The manufacture of reclaimed rubber was encouraged. Every effort has been made to secure crude rubber supplies from sources independent of the European-owned plantations. The venerable Thomas Edison is now in Florida attempting to discover a plant which can be grown in the United States and furnish crude rubber on an economical commercial basis. Several American rubber manufacturing interests have actually started the development of large rubber estates, notably the Firestone interests in Liberia on the west coast of Africa and the Ford interests in Brazil. The practical advantages of rubber production in the Philippines have been canvassed and there is no doubt that a large development in that line in these American islands will be undertaken if the land laws can be modified so that large estates under single ownership and management can be organized. Nevertheless it will be from six to ten years before there can be any return from these new plantations while the actual planting so far is very small compared with present demand, not to mention what demand may be when the plantations are bearing.

A movement was also inaugurated for the organization of American manufacturers into a buying pool for the purchase of their rubber supplies in a non-competitive way. An informal organization of the sort was effected by some of the principal American manufacturers, and there is now pending in Congress a bill

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to legalize all such combinations of American consumers for the purchase of raw materials controlled monopolistically by foreign interests.

In the meanwhile the high price of rubber during 1925 and 1926 under the restriction scheme of the British government—whether that scheme was fully responsible for it or not—developed a feeling of resentment in the United States which has been reciprocated by some of the foreign rubber-producing interests and which has been intensified by the press of Great Britain and this country. Although the manufacturing industry and the plantation industry are absolutely interdependent, a situation of almost open warfare between them has developed.

It is difficult to imagine a situation in a great business more ridiculous than that now being developed in the rubber business. The producers organize against the consumers; the consumers organize against the producers. Apparently there is nothing left for them to do but to sit and glare at each other. Yet a continuation of the present situation cannot do otherwise than intensify the conditions which have brought about such a débâcle as that of the past few weeks. It is a question how long the rubber industry in the United States can endure such conditions. How long can an American manufacturer continue to lose $1,000,000 a week in inventory values alone during a six weeks' drop as was the case with one American company? The rubber plantation interests lose under such conditions chiefly in the profits they fail to make. The manufacturing interests lose directly money expended outright for crude supplies, as well as in profits they fail to make. Under present conditions all phases of the rubber business are a wild sort of gamble. The great need of all parties in interest is stabilization with such control as will afford a price for crude rubber which means a fair profit for the plantation owner and an assured supply at a workable and, particularly a stable, price to the manufacturers.

The situation has in it vast possibilities of trouble. Any rapid development of American-owned plantations on a large scale will undoubtedly precipitate a contest in which the less profitable plantations will be eliminated from the situation. This promises to occasion losses of a magnitude to threaten the entire industry.

In the meanwhile, for the ten to fifteen years required under the best of conditions to develop an adequate American supply of the crude product, the entire rubber world will continue to be upset. The European plantation owner will squeeze the American manufacturer and consumer for all the traffic will bear, as against the fatal day when the latter will be out of control; the American manufacturer-consumer will reclaim more rubber and combine in buying pools and other artificial market manipulation for his own protection, thus keeping the industry in a ferment and the ultimate consumer in the air. There have been movements from time to time to secure some financial coöperation between American financial and manufacturing interests on the one side and British and Dutch plantation interests on the other, and such a combination may yet be possible. It is reasonably certain that the Dutch will refuse to join the British interests in any restriction scheme, but it is significant that a Dutch commission is now on its way to the United States by way of Great Britain, to confer with American manufacturers and financiers interested in rubber; it may be that an equitable method will be discovered by which united plantation and manufacturing interests may work their way to better things.

THE SHIP OF PETER

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

(*This is the foreword to a book called Catholicism and the Modern Mind, to be published soon by The Dial Press, New York, N. Y.—The Editors.*)

I

I AM putting a new book together in a cell in a Trappist monastery—the proto-abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani, in Kentucky—in Holy Week.

It is one of those places celebrated (or made notorious) in novels and plays (like The Garden of Allah, for example) where you are supposed to walk near rows of open graves, each one dug by a monk in preparation for his own burial (and measured daily) and where a perpetual silence prevails, broken only by lugubrious murmurs of "Memento mori!"—"Remember your death!"—as the cowled, cadaverous monks pass each other, bare-footed or sandaled. A place that really is a prison; where the monks strive (but of course unsuccessfully, according to the novels) to forget the violent scenes of their past, and particularly their love affairs. They either are fanatical ascetics (in one kind of novel, the kind that vainly tries to understand them) or else, in another kind, they are just fat hypocrites, having the sort of good time they prefer at the expense of the credulous Catholic lay folks; possessing an enviable capacity for carrying wine (and always eating fat "capons"); while the less said about their other habits the better (but of course the novelists who know their business may and do hint in that direction: hints skilfully cooked and piquantly served are ever so much more attractive that bare abuse or scandalized indignation).

Well, Gethsemani Abbey is not quite like that. Like a great many other things connected with the Catholic Church the picture of this abbey (or any other) in the popular mind is at once far more falsely romantic and far less vitally interesting than the real thing; there-

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fore is an appropriate place, it seems to me at least, in which to study or anyhow to glance at some of the many other aspects of the Church that are crookedly reflected, often grossly distorted, in the imagination of the modern mind. Gethsemani Abbey, indeed, is equally a symbol and a proof of many important things of the Catholic Church which are generally misunderstood; or which are not known as they ought to be known, by non-Catholic Americans—sometimes, it must be reluctantly added, not even truly appreciated by some Catholics.

This is my second visit to Kentucky's Catholic holy land, where Bardstown and Nazareth and Loretto and Saint Catherine's and Gethsemani Abbey speak to each other with the bells pealing the Angelus and announcing the sacring of the Mass across the valleys and hills and woods and meadows of a lovely countryside; and are linked together by great traditions that connect with the English Catholic pilgrims who came to America in those ships of high romance, the Ark and the Dove, bringing America's pearl of great price, religious liberty, to the new world; so that now they are not only active centres of the Faith, but also shrines that ought to be visited reverently by all Catholic Americans. For years, since my first visit, I have been homesick for this dear Kentucky land; not because I am native to its fertile soil and its bland, pure air, for in the physical sense I am a stranger from far north; but there is a nativity of soul as well as of the body, and the ambient Catholicity and the rich, strong Americanism of this heroic state draws me, heart and soul, and makes me, when I am so fortunate as to be here, to know that I am at home.

The contrast between where I now am, and the things I am doing or observing, and my environment and employments of yesterday and the days just before yesterday, is rather violent. For, only a few days ago I was in New York: my delightful, exasperating, crowded, noisy, indifferent, sophisticated yet naïve New York: the headquarters of my wandering journalist's life. One night I was being amused by Adele Astaire (despite Lent, *O confiteor!*) in Funny Face; the next night I was enthusiastically cheering Lindbergh as the Woodrow Wilson Foundation handed over to him its medal for distinguished services in the cause of peace (together with a very handsome check, for we reward our heroes—some of them, anyhow—appropriately, in America); while the night after that I was dining with a group of millionaires at the Metropolitan Club (the meal was quite unlike my Trappist fare). A few days later, and I was lecturing in Cincinnati, and delightedly discovering the very vigorous and rather aristocratic and conservative Catholic quality of that charming city, where they put the liturgy into practice, and show you wonderful paintings by Murillo and El Greco and Titian presented to the magnificent Greek temple of a cathedral by Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, through which act the Church got back a little of the treasures looted from her by the conqueror (whom the Church conquered in the end, as she finally conquers all her enemies). And looking forward, after this week in the silence and solitude of Gethsemani, I will be in Pittsburgh on business connected with my journalism; then back to New York, and then Washington, Baltimore, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, San Francisco, Sante Fé, St. Louis, and back once more to New York, with many way stations in between the big cities—including, I hope, a visit to a new seminary on the Mexican border where the candidates for the priesthood enter with the intention of martyrdom, because they are being trained for service in Mexico.

So my life has gone (Ah, dear me, far too much of it has gone, I regret to say! For I am a life-hungry man; I could be a miser of life, I love it so, except that unfortunately I also am a spendthrift of time and cannot learn to hoard it); to and fro in the world I pass, ceaselessly interested in men and women, and the lives they live, and their ideas, and their faith or their lack of it—particularly interested in this matter, the problems of the Faith: the supreme concern of all mankind.

For now some thirty years of this wandering journalism, half of them spent outside the Catholic Church as its critic and its opponent, half (and the better half) inside the Church, I have been observing and recording the aspects of this prime problem; and here in the retirement of the Trappist monastery, a place where you come face to face with realities, I sum up what I have come to believe by saying that (in my humble opinion) American life has reached a crisis in its attitude toward this problem. Because of many concurring causes, the Catholic Church today is a stumbling-block to millions of good Americans, while the many millions of Catholics who also are good Americans (although the doubt or the denial of this fact on the part of many other Americans is a capital point of the crisis we have reached) are face to face with an uprising of mingled forces of hostility and strange, almost fantastic misunderstandings and vague yet violent apprehensions, in a manner more acute than at any other period of religious panic in the history of the United States. Furthermore, I believe that this crisis may reach a pitch where damage to both the Church and the nation may be done that would require whole generations to repair.

Yet also I believe—and this belief is the most important thing I hope to be able to express—also I believe that the threatened damage may be avoided and its menace transformed into an advantage both for the nation and for the Church if only both Catholics and non-Catholics face the situation like sensible people, dealing with facts and realities in a spirit of American fair play, good temper and justice. As the big book I am putting together will be devoted to giving my reasons for holding these beliefs, I simply state them now, as my thesis, and return to the particular reason why I am working it out in a cell in a Trappist monastery.

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II

Before two o'clock in the morning, every morning in the year, a peremptory bell clangs within the Abbey. Through the bare corridors, so dimly lighted, the white-clothed monks and the brown-robed brothers hurry from their dormitories and cells to the great, high-vaulted chapel. I followed them this morning of Palm Sunday—this day in which in its liturgy the Church so curiously mingles the symbols of Christ's Passion, His agony and apparent defeated failure, and His triumph. I am permitted by a special favor (for which I hope I am at least partly grateful enough) to be a guest during the intense seven days of Holy Week, when the lenten life of the Catholic Church surges in wave after wave of spiritual energy, seething or crashing upon flinty shoals of penance and contrition, or upon basaltic rocks of mortification and atonement, the tide ever mounting upward toward the terrific, agonizing crisis of Good Friday. There is only the radiant interlude of Holy Thursday to relieve the tension (but how at all times Mother Church can soothe fever or strain by some sweet interlude or mitigation!) gleaming serenely amid the stress and struggle of our souls like one glimpse of clear sky sighted during a tempest; and to be followed, as we yearningly anticipate, by the pure, lucent, vibrating peace, joy and beauty of Easter Sunday.

In the gallery at the end of the immensely long, narrow chapel farthest from the altar, I crouch on my kneeling bench. At the opposite end the red lamp burns before the high altar, hidden, but this I can hardly see, by a purple veil stretched across the whole width of the sanctuary, symbol of the retirement into the depths of her own soul of the Church during this period of penance; and the few statues that accent the austere simplicity of the chapel likewise are veiled in purple; even the dear Mother of God, who presides in all Trappist monasteries, is hidden, where she stands above the high altar, where the chapel extends its arms right and left in the terrible symbol of the crucifix. Below me, in the central part of the chapel, behind their high reading desks, ranked on each side, faintly lighted amid the darkness of this drear hour (the low-tide hour of the night when, so it is said, human vitality is at its weakest and sick folk and the old folk so easily die) are the monks and novices, gowned and hooded in white; all bearded, thickly or thinly, the bald heads of the old monks gleaming as they bow. The lay brothers are nearer me, also facing each other in two long lines. Among these sixty to seventy men, are Americans (among whom vocations are increasing: there are more native novices now than at any time before) French, Germans, Canadians, Poles, Irish, Italians, Dutch, Maltese, Belgians, Luxembourgers, Austrians, Swiss and Czechs; bound together as brothers and friends as only the Church, the Mother of men under God their Father, can bind the races and the nations.

There is a sharp blow on a desk, and a voice, strong, masculine, vibrating, chants the appeal that day after day breaks first from the lips of the children of the Church:

> "Domine, labia mea aperies!" ("O Lord, open Thou my lips!")

In unison the great chorus of voices respond, at first almost hoarsely, throats thickened by the phlegm of the night clearing and rising as they proceed:

> "Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam!" ("And my mouth shall declare Thy praise!")

Again the single voice, rising higher in aspiration, in imploration:

> "Deus, in adjutorium meum intende!" ("Incline unto my aid, O God!")

And the chorus reinforces the appeal deeply and strongly:

> "Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina!" ("O Lord, make haste to help me!")

Then half the voices, confident now of the acceptability of what they say, shout:

> "Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto!" ("Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost!")

And the other half roars back the sublime affirmation:

> "Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum. Amen!" ("As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen!")

The Trappists are beginning the daily performance of the Opus Dei, the Work of God: matins and lauds, the first division of the daily, universal prayer of the Church. From Rome to Timbuctoo; Alaska to Patagonia; New York to Bagdad; north, south, east and west; in monasteries high up in the Alpine snows, or in great cities, or in the little villages; or hidden away in African jungles, in every land under the sun, the bishops, priests, monks and nuns, and brothers and sisters of hundreds of different orders and congregations, of all the races and nations of mankind, are gathered together in groups like these Kentucky monks and brothers, or in solitude and individually, their breviaries before them—with the mingled Psalms, Old and New Testament readings, hymns and prayers; and everywhere the same Opus Dei is thus beginning, or has already been done, or will begin, according to the variations of time throughout the earth; every second of time being saturated, charged, with the presence of the Eternal. For prayer (culminating in the Mass) is the life force of the Catholic Church. All its tremendous and multiform activities; its educational, philanthropic, sacramental, ceremonial or material business issues from, depends upon, and is guided, inspired and controlled by the force which emanates from this daily dynamo of prayer.

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After matins and lauds, here in Gethsemani, Mass will follow; the community Mass at which the Eucharist will be given to the monks and brothers who are not priests; and the individual Masses of the priests. Then will proceed the other divisions of the Opus Dei, seven in all, and all the other many exercises of the long, long day—concerning which I shall have strange and beautiful things to tell you in my book.

I attend all the prayers, the services and ceremonies, except the chapter meetings which are strictly private. I walk between whiles in the visitors' cloistered garden, where fruit trees and magnolias are in bloom, and birds sing as if this were the most joyful place in the world (as maybe it is); all except the turtle dove, but even its low mourning is pitched to so pure and dulcet a note that one forgets its melancholy in its beauty. Kentucky cardinals dart about like flecks of living fire amid the green, and the warm wind spreads the flower odors like gusts of incense. At other times I work or read in my cell. And everywhere and all the time I am haunted by the strange effect created by the gallery that stretches across the chapel, about midway. It has a railing, and in the middle a reading desk, intended for the cantor who on occasions directs the chant from that elevated post. For this gallery looks like the captain's bridge of a ship. It emphasizes the curious resemblance which the long, high, narrow chapel itself bears to a ship plunging forward (as it seems in the early hours) through the seas by night, as the wind beats about its black windows; bringing the thought of a storm, or, anyhow, of weather that threatens tempest.

And it is like the Ship of Peter; the symbol of the Church!

Nearly two thousand years ago it was launched. Through what hurricanes of human passions has it not passed! Then on what calm or sluggish waters, of lassitude, of loitering in pleasant anchorages; swinging idly, or nearly so; its crew slumbering or dreaming or taking its ease as if forgetful of their charter of incessant trafficking. Then sweeping forward again, to all the ends of the earth, on all the more than seven seas; now welcomed fervently, then driven away with blows and curses, or attacked by enemy after enemy; now almost foundering in great storms; again threatened by wreck upon shoals of treachery, or reefs of error; then breasting the waves with banners flying and trumpets pealing a triumph; perhaps the day after the victory being deserted by half its crew, and filling the places of the traitors with queer men picked up in far, fantastic places—but, somehow or other, always afloat, never quite wrecked, never captured; always refitting and going on once more; steering by the stars before the compass came; depending upon variable winds before engines were invented, and the charts of the unaltering dogmas were laid down; taking electricity to light its decks, although the ancient wax candles still burn upon the altars in the cabin; its crew recruited from all the races and tribes of men, and all their sorts and conditions; its sailing orders commanding them to keep the Ship afloat and continuously employed upon its lawful occasions till the end of the world; its Pilot, He Who also built it, being Himself on board always, and He alone knowing at what port, and when, it must finally arrive.

One of the storms which it is the task of this Ship to meet is facing it now, in these United States. How will the Ship fare in such a storm should it break? How will this great nation deal with the Bark of Peter? This is the greatest question now before the American people. I think I learned the answer in Gethsemani; but that is another story.

FROM AND ABOUT MISS LE GALLIENNE

By R. DANA SKINNER

POSSIBLY you recall that delectable series of cartoons headed, "Wonder what so-and-so thinks?" The "so-and-so" might be anything from a stuffed fish in a glass frame to the imperturbable doorman of a night-club or the Ritz. There may have been one in the series (if so, I never saw it) giving the thoughts of an actor about his audience. Actors share this much with fish and doormen, that while we look at them and admire their technical skill, we have no inkling of their many and pungent thoughts. Now, take Miss Eva Le Gallienne—

The founder, organizer, director and leading actress of the Civic Repertory Theatre on Fourteenth Street (where they sell tickets at one-half Broadway prices, and produce strange plays, like Cradle Song, at which Broadway would simply sniff)! What does Miss Le Gallienne think about New York audiences, after two years of the Civic Repertory, and after fifteen years (in all) on the stage, beginning at fourteen? At the present moment, she is trying to obtain 200,000 members for the Civic Repertory Club (dues $1.00 a year) and is otherwise giving outward signs of an intriguing faith in audiences. These club members, incidentally, will be able to obtain tickets at reductions ranging from 50 percent to 10 percent, according to the night of the week—so that actually, by paying only $1.00 a year in advance, a member can get orchestra seats for $.75, and thus save several dollars in the course of a season. What is back of Miss Le Gallienne's curiously practical philanthropy? Why does she assume a task many times more strenuous than acting in Broadway productions—and far less lucrative?

Curiosity impelled me recently to ask her a number of questions of this sort, and I believe that her com-

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ments, roughly paraphrased, will have unusual interest for Commonweal readers—not only because the community theatre is a tradition of much older Catholic days, but because, in this country, at least, Catholics have been laggard in taking any responsibility for the drama—leaving it complacently in the hands of Broadway gamblers, and merely raising a shocked eyebrow when things go from bad to worse. Miss Le Gallienne has taken a responsibility firmly and with courage. She has more than earned the right to speak.

"You will notice one thing about a Civic Repertory audience," she said, "and that is the large number of people you rarely see in the Broadway playhouses, not so-called highbrows, but simply people of limited incomes with a deep love of the theatre who are unable to cope with current prices for tickets. They are a delight to play to—quick, intuitive and full of appreciation. They know that, with our limited resources, we can do no more than be honest with them, try to make our performances intelligent where we cannot hope to be brilliant, and provide a list of fine plays that reflect some of the glamour and illusion of the great traditions of the stage. These, after all, are precisely the people great plays were written for. Coffee-house wits and night-club sophisticates have never had an important partnership in the theatre. Their power of appreciation is really much more limited than that of simpler people, because they have covered their deeper emotions with a defensive crust. They are ashamed to cry (for 'it's only a play!') and afraid to let themselves be drawn freely into the world of make-believe. They are lovers of artifice rather than abiding and sincere art, fencers with words rather than the everyday victims of deep and real emotions.

"You see, I am convinced that to be really fine, the theatre today must be a genuinely popular institution—as it was in the middle-ages, and as it always has been in certain countries. The movies, because of low prices, have drawn away thousands of what should be our best theatre audiences. But I've never known it to fail, if you offer a person the choice of a movie or a good play—at equal prices—that they will choose the play. The movie is only half a loaf—sight without hearing, motion without color, the shadow without human reality or warmth. And we are so made that in our hours of make-believe we want to use all our senses so as to complete our feeling of illusion. The movie is merely an incomplete substitute for the stage, except in certain fields peculiarly its own—such as historical pageant. Provide good plays at really low prices, and you have met one of the deepest demands of the normal human being.

"I cannot tell you the keen, almost selfish delight it gives our actors to play before audiences of the kind we have sought and obtained. Our permanent company has, of course, been recruited from professional ranks. The pleasure they get in their work under these new conditions has nothing in common with the naïve eagerness of 'little theatre' groups. On the contrary, it is the zest of experienced artists in playing to a thoroughly responsive and democratic audience, of rediscovering the true meaning of the words 'popular theatre.'

"I have been asked countless times why, instead of seeking 200,000 members at $1.00 each a year, I have not asked, say, 200 wealthy patrons for $1,000 apiece. The answer ought to be obvious. We are not looking for an endowment for its own sake—nor seeking to provide entertainment through charity. We want to enlarge the idea of the popular audience—to have the advance personal interest of numbers rather than the interest on bank accounts. Ours is, after all, a pleasant method of taxing those who want to be taxed, for the support of an idea they want to see thrive. And by giving our members the privilege of half-price tickets, we are really only taxing them at the beginning of the year so as to return their money many times over in savings as the season progresses. The plan gives us a working budget for the year; it gives us the personal good-will of thousands; and in the end provides those thousands with plays at one-quarter the Broadway prices.

"Of course, we have had a few large contributions, but these we have turned into memberships. One person, for example, might give us $100, with which sum we in turn could give 100 memberships to some school or organization. That is almost as effective as direct personal subscription—but not quite. You see, we really want the bond between our members and ourselves to be as close as possible, and to have it strengthened by initiative and personal enthusiasm. That is the core of our plan. It has at least one merit—it is simple."

The word "simplicity" will, I am sure, figure largely in the history of Miss Le Gallienne's work in the old Fourteenth Street playhouse. It is a quality quite disarming to many Broadway critics. But this much is certain, it is the simplicity of true artistry. There is much difference of opinion as to Miss Le Gallienne's own ability as an actress, but there can be little as to her zeal for and devotion to the meaning of the theatre in American life. Here she exhibits every quality of the artist—a simple, clear vision, the unswerving pursuit of a distant object, the fine passion of enthusiasm and the ability to use even past mistakes constructively. She has surrounded herself with a group of uncommonly capable actors. She has selected plays, with one or two exceptions, of merit and distinction. She has presented them in effective and restrained settings. She has added to this burden the task of creating a new type of audience—not by the supercilious method of "education"—but by assuming boldly that fine and great plays need no elaborate introduction. She has had the insight to know that art and economics are close allies rather than deadly enemies, and the practical idealism to make the two work in double harness. For this alone she merits a distinguished place in the unfolding story of the American theatre.

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But it would be ungracious to leave the question of her own acting in dispute. We must look back over a span of years to make a full appraisal. It is one thing to judge an actress in a single play, where she has no responsibility beyond learning and perfecting her part, and quite another to judge her as the manager and director and leading actress in a repertory company. The physical and mental burden of running an organization like the Civic Repertory Theatre is enormous. Most people would quail before the thought of doing this and trying to act as well. Just because Miss Le Gallienne has had the courage to attempt both, we must apply a slightly different standard to her work than to the hired actress of a Broadway production. We must allow for fatigue, for mental distraction, and then check our opinion by her performances before she assumed her present task.

Her work in Liliom should be enough. It was one of the most highly sensitive, fiercely restrained and thoroughly moving performances the American stage has witnessed in a decade. It had a fire and intensity which her work of the last two seasons has occasionally lacked. But it revealed as nothing else could do the potential power at her command. If we start with this luminous point, and then compare it with the best of her recent performances, there is little room for doubt that hers is an art in the process of careful development. She has either curbed—or else fatigue has done it for her—some of the abounding vitality of her earlier work. On the other hand she has notably increased her technical skill and freed herself gradually from certain mannerisms. I have a feeling that the next few years will see extraordinary gains in her effectiveness, bringing together the spontaneous fire of her early work and the mature mastery of her technical art. We shall end, I am sure, by feeling deeply grateful that the idea behind the Civic Repertory theatre has had Miss Le Gallienne to bring it to reality and to dominate it, within four walls, as one of the few really fine and intelligent actresses of our day.

ITALIAN YOUTH AND THE THEATRE

By IGINO GIORDANI

THE present Catholic generation in Italy is restless, living in a state of inquietude and transition; it feels the urge to create something new and original. The past generations said that Catholics, as Catholics, were unable to create in the literary field; the Catholic young people of today wish to prove that they can produce an art at least as strong as that of the non-Catholic element. This is one aspect of the modern mind in Italy.

The literary people of the heroic period concluded in the revolution of 1848 were Christians, with Santarosa and Pellico, Tommaseo and Manzoni. Mazzini himself kept the idea of God. But soon there followed a paganizing reaction, both in literature, where the leaders were Carducci and d'Annunzio, and in politics, where the Masonic anti-clericalism excited the national conscience against the religious conscience. At that time Benedetto Croce, starting from Hegel's principles on ethics and knowledge, built up new theories on aesthetics embodied in the aphorism: "Art for art's sake."

But the war marks a change; at its very beginning, Giosué Borsi, a pagan writer, regained the Faith, and went to death a Christian. The war effected a like crisis in Giovanni Papini and in thousands of young people. The Catholic renaissance took the form, in the main, of social studies and activities, with the express purpose of conquering the kingdom of God on earth. The Holy Father, however, quickly proceeded to separate the Catholic movement from the political one; therefore the young men from twenty to thirty-five years of age, after a short period of uncertainty, tried new ways of elevating their faith to a position of primacy in modern life; and found this medium in literary, philosophical and historic studies.

Now they are crying aloud: "Let us make a Catholic art!"

But what? To begin with, they are now fighting about the conceits of Catholic aesthetics, differing thus from Aristotle and Horace, who derived their rules from an art already established. Pio Bondioli, of the Catholic paper L'Italia (Milan) is quite right in observing that art creates aesthetics and not vice versa; Benedetto Croce produced an army of critics but not one poet. The Catholics as artists are suffering not from the lack of aesthetics, but from the same disease which, generally speaking, is afflicting Italian art in all fields: a crisis which expresses itself in the professional dishonesty of both authors and publishers and in the avarice of buyers—briefly, in a lack of religious education; and, as Bondioli points out, the remedy is in rechristianizing society and culture, whence will spring up the revival of Christian art.

Thus the contestants arrange themselves in two main groups: on one side the philosophers, who wish to set the standard of the coming art; on the other the artists, who would create the art and then determine the standard. From the papers of Bologna, Rome and Milan and from the reviews of Opera Cardinal Ferrari and of the Catholic University, the controversy is spreading even to the discussions in the clubs and salons.

The uproar was unloosed under the flag of Opera Cardinal Ferrari by a little man, Dr. Fenu, who came to Rome from Sardinia—the island which gave

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Grazia Deledda to Italian art and an appreciated novelist, Pietro Casu, to Catholic literature. Against Dr. Fenu, Thomist and journalist in Rome, was arrayed Dr. Bondioli, journalist and Thomist in Milan. According to tradition, Milan and Rome disagree. Fenu claims aesthetics; Bondioli supports art; the former is a pessimist, the latter an optimist; the first awaits a new Saint Thomas, the second prefers another Dante; both, however, agree on the essential point —that the artist be Christian, and deeply Christian.

Above the din of the conflict a writer who for many years has been trying to familiarize the public with modern Christian thought, Giovanni Casati, voiced the results of his particular experience. He said: "A Catholic writer usually assigns to his work some moral purpose; but the lack of this purpose is not sufficient reason for condemning a writer, from a Catholic viewpoint." Regarding the question of realism in art, he believes that a well-educated writer, may, by himself, select a via media between respect for morality and an appealing representation of life. Let us admire our friends of France, though we need not imitate them. We can blaze our own trail to success.

Such a dispute is not limited to a single field. For many months all the literary circles of the peninsula have been troubled by a more general debate: "Strapaese" (archi-village) against "Stracittá" (archi-city) two strange words denoting certain artistic tendencies, each one of which would give a particular trend to Italian literature. Strapaese's leader, Suckert, would reclaim for Italian art a rustic naturalness, a local atmosphere, with emphasis on peculiarities of village and country; the Stracittá's leader, Bontempelli, would merge Italian art in European world art, giving to it an international character and nutriment, putting it in touch with the world mind; and two years ago he made an attempt to popularize this idea, issuing a review called "900" written in French. It is a rather frivolous controversy, reminiscent of "Arcadia" and "Seicentismo," in that it deals with the form and not with the substance of the art: the true art, even though it be of local taste, is always universal; as, for instance, the painting of the Scuola Sienese or the writings of a Cockney Dickens.

But the young men of Compagnia di San Paolo, who promoted the debate, are now giving to it a definite, practical and ambitious end, namely, the creating of a Catholic theatre. This is a difficult task because, on the one hand, if the writers of poetry, fiction and criticism are far from numerous, on the other hand, in the field of the theatre there is not one Catholic writer. Beyond this we have Bracco and Pirandello, the spiritually exhausted and overwhelmed D'Annunzio, and in addition to them, Praga, Niccodemi, Benelli, Berrini, Martini, Paolieri and others. Thus, our Catholic friends must literally create, as it were, from nothing.

The Carroccio cries: "Let us make a Catholic theatre!" It is imperative in order to counteract the work of dechristianization done through the sensational aspect of the plays which are often immoral, pathological or roughly realistic.

Silvio D'Amico, a brilliant critic of the theatre, contributed to the discussion his diagnosis of the disease. According to his opinion the reasons for the theatrical crisis in Italy are both technical and spiritual. The former symptom is essentially Italian, because only in Italy did theatrical organization remain as it was in the past century; the latter symptom is shared by all the civil world. Up to date, the attempts to renovate the technique of our stage, although aided by the government, were unsuccessful; if the Catholic laymen succeed, the results will be appreciated by everyone.

But first they need a man who is at once stage manager and technician, who is well acquainted with the most modern foreign devices of the theatre; in other words they need a master. Have the Catholics such a man? He has not yet come forward. It is only with a theatre technically arranged that they can face an audience and produce such plays, for instance, as the Catholic masterpiece of our century, Claudel's Tidings Brought to Mary, which is still unknown to Italians, or Calderon's play, Life Is a Dream, or some of the "mysteries" of Ghéon, or again, a revival of Macbeth which, not incongruously, might be included, along with certain of the Greek tragedies, in the religious theatre.

In these days, the discussion of the theatre is growing of vital interest to both Catholic and non-Catholic Italians. (Of course in Italy everyone is a Catholic according to baptismal rights; but in art it is quite another state of affairs.) The controversy, indeed, has been general and continuous there ever since the sixteenth century. Metastasio, for example, was eager to give to Italian literature the only laurel which it lacked—a drama—reciting in melodious verses the cases of Attilius Regulus and Dido; became, in fact, the imperial poet and was honored with a golden medal, inscribed "Sophocli Italico"; but he was as much Sophocles as his world of powdered madames and young danglers were Hellenic women and Roman heroes. Vittorio Alfieri, it is true, composed a forceful tragedy, Saul, but in his other plays he was mainly lyric; Goldoni and Ferrari gave us some very charming comedies. But the scarcity of theatrical pieces remained, and no Catholic masterpiece was written. Perhaps, indeed, the anti-Catholic environment, until 1915, did not permit it.

However, even after the war, when a new, strong, religious feeling arose, no serious attempt was made. A few "mysteries" were played during the jubilee year and the Franciscan anniversary, representing the passion of Christ (on the example of Oberammergau) and the adventures of Saint Francis of Assisi; but they were wanting in intimate religious feeling, portraying mawkish and pale figures of saints; and commercially, also, they were not a success.

For the future I dare prophesy nothing. I simply wonder whether a Catholic writer for the theatre has been born, or when he will be born. Nevertheless, the

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debate in itself is useful, because it creates an atmosphere conducive to the development of theatrical genius. Without the princes' aid, the humanists' culture and contemporary taste, Leonardo da Vinci would have been, perhaps, an alchemist or a notary, and Michelangelo a skilful stone-cutter. Thus the general will to create a theatre stimulates tendencies and initiatives. Catholics may start from their philodramatics, from which was developed, after the middle-ages, the art which culminated in Shakespeare, in Calderon and Vega, in Corneille and Racine, and which gave to Italy the famous actors of the "commedia dell' arte."

A practical suggestion is given by the Catholic students of the University of Rome, who say: "Because the modern theatre in Italy is a poor thing, the time is very opportune for our experiment; the Opera Cardinal Ferrari should soon assemble a company of Catholic dramatic artists."

This proposal, made by boys, shows that the question is riper than in past years, when they debated whether there should be Catholic artists or artist-Catholics: a pun derived from a political controversy under Pius X as to whether there should be Catholic deputies or deputy Catholics in parliament. Such a company as is suggested by these students might produce either those pieces catalogued by Silvio D'Amico, or the translations of worthy foreign dramas, or some of Goldoni's best comedies and those of other Italian authors, which, if they be not specially religious, certainly are moral.

The moment is propitious. During the past year there were issued three translations of the plays of the mediaeval nun Hroswitha. A Catholic theatre with excellent performances of good plays, selected with discrimination, will interest the public without corrupting it and at the same time will be educative, from both an artistic and a moral viewpoint.

The question whether we can have, at once, masters as well as masterpieces, will be better decided by the coming generation. At present the task and the possibilities are modest, but the spirit and the effort are enthusiastic and promising.

Quietness

There comes a conquering quietness, which wears
The velvet armor that can vanquish grief,
A quietness which makes the noisy years
Tread softer than the falling of a leaf
On a lost meadow, where the calm winds pass
In silver ripples through the untrodden grass.

There comes a quietness so deep that dreams,
Life-laden, dread its bolted door and creep
Away dismayed from nothingness that seems
More absolute than their domain of sleep
Nor can the singing darts of April rain
Awaken rapture or her sister, pain.

JOHN HANLON.

LOOKING TO OUR SOURCES

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

ABOUT two years ago a group of American diplomats and international jurists met with the Abbé Jules A. Baisnée and the Abbé Hyvernat to form l'Institut Français de Washington. General John Pershing was elected honorary president, and Dr. James Brown Scott active president, and former Ambassador David Jayne Hill to the board of trustees.

The object for which the Institute was founded is stated to be:

> To promote in the United States the study of French civilization and history, literature and art, and to preserve the memory of French contributions to the development of American civilization by endowing or otherwise aiding in the establishment of professorships, courses of lectures, scholarships, prizes, awards, libraries, archives and museums in coöperation with universities, etc., etc., and to publish documents, special studies and periodicals.

Mr. Gilbert Chinard, editor of the Institute, has just published through the Johns Hopkins Press the first of a series of historical documents in furtherance of this object, a small quarto volume, bound in the Continental colors, blue and buff, containing the two treaties signed with France in 1778 by the representative of the king and by Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee for the thirteen new sovereignties of the western Atlantic seaboard. The Treaty of Amity and Commerce and the first, and so far the only, Treaty of Alliance ever signed for the United States with any other power, are reproduced textually from the original manuscripts in the Department of State. They differ in spelling, accents, capitalization, punctuation and typographical arrangement from the texts published in different collections of treaties and particularly from the text published in the Journals of Congress, Volume XI, page 419. The State Department text, which is the one actually signed, is reproduced in Mr. Chinard's volume, even with all the original erasures and changes.

Almost unconsciously we are going through a new period of national growth in the United States. A number of competent observers are fully aware of it; it is perhaps most plainly apparent to those who, by reason of absence from the United States for an appreciable time, are struck by changes not felt so intimately by those who are continuously in contact with them. Certain keen minds like that of André Siegfried, for instance, are able to analyze "the gulf between," the widening gap between Europe and the United States, which has long been clear to Americans with intimate knowledge of Europe.

In this new America which is coming into being, it is notable that not only European contacts are resented, but even those Americans of earlier date are resented who formed the national institutions under which we all live today. There is significance in the

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Chicago attitude toward England, "nil nisi malum"; there is significance in our unwillingness to accept the testimony concerning earlier conditions of those whose traditions are continuous from the beginning; it is the new man's "historical" dictum which counts. There is signficance also in the suspicion of "propaganda" attaching to every attempt to bring back the attention and understanding of this generation to the fact that we did not spring full-armed from the brain of Jove, but were and are bound by innumerable gossamer threads to European history and to the history of the world. No matter how strongly any of our founders warned against extension to our shores of "the European system," no matter what we are today of our own making, we are nevertheless integrally bound up in that civilization which arose in what some witty Frenchman called a small protuberance upon the continent of Asia, that European civilization which is forcing itself upon the rest of the world.

We have been molded by English thought and political development; we have been impregnated by German philosophies, scientific methods; we have been strongly affected by Irish customs and traditions; and if we have received from France a wealth of intellectual influence, we have been equally the beneficiaries of the spiritual resurgence of France and of her liberal political philosophies.

Our earliest life as a people was caught in the web of the titanic struggle for overseas empire, of England, France and Spain. We brought with us, with every immigrant group, something of the age-old partisan struggle going on in Europe to this day. Those things should be placed in their proper perspective. No one group "made America." Each nation of Europe from which our principal racial elements spring has contributed some good and some evil to our making.

Calm analysis of both should be the real rôle of this new national intellect of ours. Indiscriminate laudation of the group of one's special predilection is just as unintelligent as that savage condemnation of all others to which we are more subjected today than at any previous point in our still brief history, as we turn from our efforts to better the material condition of the individual to realization of ourselves as a nation and to a survey of the place in our accomplishment of each component part.

L'Institut Français de Washington has a national value. One would like to see it develop to a cornerstone of some national institute of history, in which the source material of American history might be collated by specialists, sorted, sifted, analyzed; analyzed fearlessly and without headstrong nationalistic prejudice, inherited blindly and hatefully from the wreck of a once united Christendom.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

A COMMUNICATION

SAINT PATRICK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of March 21 appears an article entitled Saint Patrick, from the pen of Padraic Colum. It is a pity that a writer like Mr. Colum should indulge in such an array of fiction and fable, concerning such a great figure in history, as Saint Patrick really was, and especially since many of the statements made have been long since exploded by modern historical research. Indeed much of what he writes is not new, and when he deals with some of the legendary subjects with which the life of Saint Patrick is filled, he makes a sad mix-up of the facts and fables. Writers who rest on the translations of others often draw on fancy, and so presume to improve on their borrowed works; the result is they commit reprehensible errors. Indeed Saint Patrick does not need, after nearly 1,500 years, the opinion of the apostate Joyce in the twentieth century as a character witness.

I regret that space will not permit me to enter into a lengthy disquisition of the many fallacies contained in Mr. Colum's article. No one can satisfactorily prove that Saint Patrick was a Welshman, a Scotchman or an Englishman, without first endeavoring to identify the place-names mentioned in the earliest extant lives of the great apostle. This has not been done so far, except by O'Flaherty in his Ogygia, Reverend Father Fleming, Reverend Father Kelly and the writer, hence the great diversity of opinions and assertions.

All ancient authorities agree that the best and most authentic life of Saint Patrick was written by Saint Fiach, bishop of Sletty, in the Queen's County, Ireland, a contemporary of the saint himself. This life is written in verse in the Irish-Gaelic language, and begins thus:

"Genair Padraig i Nemthur."
("Patrick was born in Nemthur.")

A careful study of this poem, together with the accounts given by contemporary writers, will show that Nemthur was a Roman fort in the Moirni, in Belgic Gaul. We find in the first book of Caesar's Gallic Wars, that the Belgae inhabited all the northern parts of Gaul, Brittany included, as far as the mouth of the Seine, which formed a part of the boundary between the Celtae and Belgae. Bear in mind that the ancient Belgium was more extensive than the modern one. It comprised all the maritime ports of France and a part of modern Germany. It can be easily seen by glancing over the maps of ancient and modern Gaul, or a map of the Roman empire in the time of the Caesars or Constantine.

In his Confessio, Saint Patrick says he was born at Bonnaven Taberniae, which has been identified by Lampriere, Cellarius, Ainsworth and Dr. Alexander Adam, as well as Fathers Fleming and Skelly, and Roderic O'Flaherty in his Ogygia, as Boulogne. Before the Romans, says Ainsworth, all the west and north of Gaul was designated "Armorica," and he refers to Pliny, Book IV, in proof of his statement; consequently it contained Bretagne (Little Britain) Picardy, Boulogne (Moirni) all places to the banks of the Rhine. This distinguished scholar derives the name Armorica from the Celtic "ar," on or along, and "mor," the sea. Compare our modern Irish "ar muir," on the sea. I think this should prove that the birthplace of Saint Patrick was not at Abergavenny, in Wales, but in that region in Europe known as Brittany in Saint Patrick's time, that part now known as Boulogne-sur-Mer in modern France.

CHARLES O'FARRELL.

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POEMS

Song of the Humble

Breeze of the April,
Breath of delight,
Ethereal sprite,
Thy ways I follow!

A humble pilgrim—
By paths that hide,
Where the moon shall guide
And a star shall beckon,

Through bosky shadows,
Or skies that spread
Above my head
Their tents of azure.

Gleam of the dewdrop
Shimmering there,
In your bosom's lair
Is the sun's whole treasure!

O world of trifles
That nobody sees,
Leaf of the trees
Or roadside pebble,

You hold enchantment
More heavenly wrought
Than Memnon brought
On the earth for mortals!

Translated from the Portuguese of Teixeira de Pascoes by THOMAS WALSH.

April

April, April, nine days old,
Play with silver, play with gold.
Take my daughter out to see
Where the earth's clear fountains be.

Show her where all time begins,
Where the black brook glides and spins.
Lead her through a veil of rain
Where creation starts again.

April, April, lead her feet
Where the violets are sweet,
Spirits of the air be clear.
Angels of the sky tread near.

DANIEL SARGENT.

Pathless

Swift and shaken, the lost are searching
For a still path that they will not find,
Because the fire within them darkens
The sky's cool light, and makes them blind.

All roads are broken, all paths muffled,
There are no ways for the wild feet of
The blind runners, searching and circling;
The blind runners, the lost in love.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Content and Happiness

A crust of bread,
Brook water, and, for condiment,
Wild berries; rushes in a cave for bed—
With these my soul could be content.

But when I see
The kindled stars upon the skies
That stretch to desolate infinity,
I tremble, and tears cloud my eyes.

My hands reach out
To happiness, the unattained:
This palace for my pleasure, that redoubt
For my protection. . . Naught is gained:

Like other fools
I brood and strain to foil my fate,
Greed using wrath and cunning as its tools
To force life's adamantine gate.

In vain! The lock
Holds fast. But ah! the skies still draw
My spirit as an eagle of the rock
To heights of mystery and of awe.

Content, was I,
With rushes, water, berries, bread?
Content. But happy only in the sky
With God's fierce bosom as my bed.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Way to the Arbutus

I cannot remember the names of roads and hills,
I only remember where the wild flowers grow;
By an old stone cellar there are daffodils
And bluets where a pasture brook runs slow.

I cannot remember which is east or west,
I only remember where a lady's-slipper stood;
And I recall arbutus, growing best
Around a certain corner of a certain wood.

I cannot remember the path that winds along there,
I only remember a wild rose in the lane
Where you cross by a thicket beyond the maidenhair,
Past the place I found a gentian in the rain.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

Crushed Mint

Something wakened me at dawn—
Grass was bent beneath the dew—
A sound I could not understand,
A tang of fragrance, strange and new.

But when I hastened out to look,
There was nothing but the print
Of a little cloven hoof
Stamped upon a bed of mint.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

March Hares

SOMEWHERE between the Mad Hatter and the March Hare you will find whatever underlying satiric philosopsy there is in Harry Wagstaff Gribble's play. The author calls it a fantastic satire, but leaves it somewhat difficult for us to decide exactly what is being satirized, unless perhaps it is the sum total of modern life.

One of the most interesting aspects of March Hares is the fact that this is its third revival in the course of a very few years. A sort of legend has grown up about it to the effect that it is really a masterpiece which an unintelligent public has refused to accept. As is frequent with this kind of discussion, it is double-edged. It carves the March Hare addicts into one group and dissects off another group just naturally obstinate enough to think that a play that has failed twice must have something basically wrong with it. I am inclined to take the middle ground that it is a reasonably amusing and witty play without sufficient passion or fire or human feeling underneath to carry it beyond the limits of those who like cleverness for its own sake.

It obviously lacks the simplicity of straight farce. It indulges in a good many intellectual raids on the secrets of human types, thus holding up the swift action necessary to effective farce and forcing the play for long periods to rely utterly on the quality of its verbal gymnastics. Viewed as a comedy, it again lacks the unity necessary to convey its meaning in popular terms. Even so great a wit and satirist as Bernard Shaw never attempts to flagellate a full cross-section of humanity in one play. He catches hold first of some one definite theme and then proceeds to show his various characters in relation to that theme. But the greatest single difficulty with March Hares is to find out whether it has any theme at all. Obviously its hero, Geoffrey Wareham, is merely by accident a "high-minded elocutionist." He is perhaps the epitome of all the aggressively sensitive people in the world. But unless you are enormously interested in sensitive people, he is a person whose exact relation to life is rather too vague to make him the material for a real theme. Possibly you could title the play Genius in the Hornet's Nest, assuming that all the surrounding characters are like so many stingers to Geoffrey's disarranged spirit. But here again you would run into trouble, because you could never convince yourself that Geoffrey is a real genius at all. He is merely an amusing mediocrity, surrounded by still paler mediocrities, so that there is no undertone of seriousness or strong human feeling.

Perhaps then this is the closest we can come to discovering the persistent failure of the public to respond to Mr. Gribble's fantasy. It is too serious to be sheer amusement and too light to be deeply interesting. It is too intellectual to have a Rabelaisian sense of fun, and too slap-stick to have a Shavian earnestness behind its satire. By trying to do too many things at once, it does no one thing thoroughly well. It is amusing without being stimulating, serious without containing much wisdom, and at times gentle without being firm. It occasionally makes use of double-meaning situations, but never for long enough to establish a French farce atmosphere. Its wit is based for the most part on the principle of making quite irrelevant remarks about anything or nothing. You do enjoy a great deal of it, speech by speech, but in the end what you are facing is simply a grand discord of ideas.

In the present reproduction, a capable cast makes rather loud sport of the whole evening, playing at top pitch and key. Richard Bird plays a neurotic as easily as Pauline Lord plays crushed and fate-battered heroines. His Wareham is imaginative and petulant, but not very engaging. Josephine Hull as his prospective mother-in-law is delicious, and Dorothy Stickney as the young lady who creates most of the trouble in the household shows herself a comic of the first order. The rest are only adequate. (At the Little Theatre.)

About This Curious Public

THE why and the wherefor of the previous failures of March Hares brings up a subject that I have long hoped to see treated by an expert—namely, the myth that there is some particular type of play "that the public wants." It is the most indefensible myth ever invented, but possesses the longevity of a cat. Looking through the seasons, it is almost impossible to find a single point of unity in material or theme among the numerous conspicuous successes—excepting possibly the musical shows and operettas. The Dybbuk was tragic and darkly mystical; Craig's Wife was modern, photographic and unhappy; Cradle Song is tender, delicately maternal and almost without plot; Broadway was old-fishioned melodrama in modern clothes; Burlesque is sentimental comedy; The Trial of Mary Dugan is a mystery play almost empty of physical action; The Shanghai Gesture was a commonplace tragedy of misguided revenge set in bawdy surroundings; Dracula is deliberately sadistic; Strange Interlude defies every cannon of supposed public taste in length, in form and in high-brow implications, yet always plays to jammed houses; Coquette is a particularly unhappy and sentimental tragedy; The Ivory Door is pure costume fantasy; The Command to Love is intrigue, dirt, and cheap wit in polished surroundings; Interference is mystery melodrama with a restrained English medical background; Paris Bound is one of the most talky plays in New York; Porgy is negro folk drama; The Royal Family is a sort of Trelawny up-to-date. And so goes the list, taken purely at random, and including but few of the Theatre Guild successes, most of which would have been rejected by Broadway managers as "not just what the public wants."

What, if any, is the explanation of the extraordinary notion that this curious public has definite wants, when the box-office vote of this same public indicates the widest possible catholicity of taste? It lies, I think, first of all in the fact that there is definitely one thing on which the public always insists; and secondly in the search of managers to find that one thing without in the least knowing where to look. The one real public demand can be summed up in the word illusion. The joint task of playwrights, actors and directors is to produce for the space of two hours a complete sense of illusion, a sort of self-hypnotism on the part of the audience that makes even the most fantastic stage happenings seem, for the moment, to be real. Whether this illusion is of tragedy, comedy or farce, of the present day or the remote past, of polite or disreputable life, of grandeur or of squalor, matters not the least. If the illusion is unbroken by patches of poor playwriting, by poor acting, or by clumsy and uneven direction that fails to establish a pervading mood, then nine times out of ten the public will register approval. The theatre is a world of make-believe, obviously; but we cannot be made to believe for long if something happens every five minutes to break the illusion. When the play loses its illusion for us, it is like the conjurer who does his trick so clumsily that we see how it is done. The subject-matter is nothing; the integrity of illusion everything!

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BOOKS

First and Last Things

The Nature of Deity, by J. E. Turner. New York: The Oxford University Press. $3.50.

New Studies in Mystical Religion, by Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A Little Book on Christian Charity, by Engelbert Krebs; translated by Isabel Garahan. St. Louis: B. Herder Company. $2.25.

AS THESE three books all have God as the object of thought, and as they all agree that God is Love, they may be discussed together. The first is the inquiry of the philosopher equipped with no more than his reason aided by a will to seek the highest good. The second is the inquiry of the mystic seeking for God in the experiences of his own heart. The last discusses God in the bright light of Divine Revelation.

Dr. Turner, who is not a Catholic, offers his volume as a sequel to a previous book, Personality and Reality, which received good press notices. In spite of the assurance printed on the wrapper that there is an absence of technicalities in the work, it is not very easy reading. The arguments succeed one another like waves of the sea, giving the reader who is trying to master them hardly time to get his breath. There is an enormous amount of valuable thought condensed into less than 250 pages. The writer tells us his "standpoint and method of inquiry. . . are identical with the attitude of philosophical thought alike in Greek and scholastic speculation, the only difference consisting in the enormous mass of absolutely new data which demand consideration." In earlier days the "vision" of reality which revealed the Supreme Self could be accepted with greater ease than now in consequence "of the undue simplification of the concept of Deity, naturally allied as this was with man's restricted knowledge of the universe. But the unparalleled expansion which knowledge has now attained, inevitably tends to eliminate this concept completely." But the old common-sense philosophy stands. The modern tendency can and must be arrested. Religion is "the response of humanity, taken as a whole or explicit unity, to the universe, likewise taken as a whole." There must be strenuous self-discipline. The philosopher must be more than a thinker, he must be a lover. He must love the highest good. The author is a believer in "emergent evolution." But this belief does not in the least prevent him from accepting the truth and necessity of man's religious development. He has a splendid chapter on the problem of evil. He accepts the need of a Divine atonement. He admits the reasonableness of "expiations and sacrifices, penances and communions, fastings and rhapsodies." He does not, of course, deal with Divine Revelation, but he prepares the reader to accept it. For him God is personal, omnipotent, omniscient, holy, loving, merciful and forgiving, as well as just. The book is remarkable in that it meets modern unbelief on its own battlefield and appeals to the common-sense philosophy of the past from which the post-scholastic thinkers have led the world away.

The second book is an apology for the Society of Friends. The author thinks that the historical Church is the creation of the first age after Christ. It is not really Christian but is the result of Greek, Roman and Hebrew modes of thought and action. The true Christianity has been preserved in the hearts of the mystics, whether Catholic or otherwise. Christian organizations are futile and dangerous. Mystical religion, however, flourishes best in groups, he thinks. But groups must have

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some sort of organization in order to remain groups. The Society of Friends cannot fail to excite our admiration in many ways. It has contributed to the good of the world far beyond what might be expected from the size of its membership. But how small that membership has been! Those without see in its development all the objections that have been brought against the historic Church. It has had its innumerable theological disputes despite the fact that it disowns theology. It has had a dominating and tyrannizing priesthood although it refuses to have priests. It has had its formal worship in spite of its denial of forms. This formalism has extended even to speech and dress. If Dr. Jones prefers to call it a group of Christian mystics he cannot deny that it has shown all the weaknesses, or perhaps we should say, all the natural characteristics of an organization.

In spite of the many Christlike sentiments that the author manifests, it is plain that he does not regard Our Lord as we Catholics regard Him. Christ is nowhere spoken of as the Son of God; He is one who has had a "new experience" of God. He is a great prophet who reveals the hidden life of the soul. The Holy Scripture is only quoted half a dozen times in spite of the frequent recourse to philosophers and teachers, pagan and Christian. Christ is not the object of love but the guide to love. He is only a great prophet. He is not king or priest. It is the practical rejection of Christ as God. The book reveals a high vision of life but it is a pagan vision; not, of course, the paganism of self-indulgence, but the paganism of individual self-reliance. As Dr. Jones says in his opening pages, which are the best, there is danger in mysticism and asceticism. True, but the Catholic Church has avoided the dangers without losing the reality. True mysticism points away from self to the Great Reality; it can only flourish in full blossom and fruit among those who accept a guidance and an authority above themselves, otherwise it would degenerate into self-deception.

Of the third book it is only necessary to say that we have in it the full answer to the searchings of the other two. It is, of course, theological; but it is theology presented as the science of the higher life. If Dr. Jones would read it, it would, we feel sure, help to disarm his prejudices. It has been found that Quakers often become the most ardent Catholics. The modern objection to theology is not surprising because it is often theology separated from "life." But Catholicity is above all else a supernatural life. It is the answer to the yearnings of those who, in vain, have sought to satisfy the needs of the soul. Dr. Krebs's book is simply crammed from cover to cover with apt quotations from the Holy Scripture. It supplies material for those who conduct devotions such as the holy hour.

EDWARD HAWKS.

A Compendium of Aversions

Proper Studies, by Aldous Huxley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

IN THIS volume Mr. Aldous Huxley, one of the best known of the younger generation in England, gives us his views on politics, religion, education, intelligence and a number of other subjects of universal interest. Though at times he is inclined to give way to a flippancy which somewhat mars his otherwise witty and trenchant style, there is not a single essay in this book which is not informed by a clear, sincere and thought-provoking mind.

The dogma of political equality, thinks the author, is the result of an attempt in the eighteenth century to apply the metaphysical doctrine of the equality of all finite creatures in the face of the infinite to political conditions, and was first evolved by the French bourgeois to justify their desire to oust the nobles from their privileged position. No sane person, he insists, has ever given his assent to the doctrine of human equality in any other than political relations and even the most democratic governments make a careful selection among their theoretically equal subjects when they employ civil servants.

Cartesianism, Mr. Huxley tells us, with its hypothesis of the reasonable man, was the philosophy employed by the democratically inclined French bourgeois in the time of the encyclopedists to justify his belief in the equality of man. Now that psychology is fashionable, behaviorism is the gospel of his spiritual descendants. On the ground that all infants are very much alike, the behaviorists deny the hereditary transmission of special aptitudes; but to study the psychology of human beings exclusively in babies is very much like studying the anatomy of frogs in tadpoles. "If the behaviorists had made their observations on children a few months before they were born, they would have been able to affirm not only the psychological identity of all men and women but also their physical identity." "Two fertilized ova may be indistinguishable, but if one belongs to a Negro and the other to a Japanese, no amount of nurture will make the Japanese egg develop into a Negro and vice versa." These remarks give a fairly good idea of the author's treatment of the doctrine of political equality and its psychological rationalization.

Mr. Huxley's treatment of the lecture system in universities is at the same time so reasonable and so conclusive as to merit an even fuller quotation than we are able to give to it. A liberal education nowadays, according to him, is for the most part a liberal waste of time, chiefly because of the absurdly archaic system of instruction by lectures. "When books were worth their weight in gold professors had to lecture. But," says Mr. Huxley, "cheap printing has radically changed the situation which produced the lecturer of antiquity. And yet the lecturer survives and flourishes. In all the universities of Europe [and alas! of America] his voice still drones and brays just as it droned and brayed in the days of Duns Scotus and Thomas Aquinas. Lectures are as much an anachronism as bad drains or tallow candles and should be abolished." Somewhat scathing, perhaps, but those of us who have had an opportunity to compare the lecture system with the tutorial system generally in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge, will scarcely find fault with our author for his indignation at the survival of so patent an absurdity.

Through some sixty pages or more our author muses on the subject of the essence of religion, dogma and the modern substitutes for religion and then we come out by the very same door wherein we went. He is graciously pleased to say a few good words for Catholicism and Catholic theology. "Catholicism is the most realistic of all western religions. Its practice is based on a profound knowledge of human nature in all its varieties and gradations." But, unfortunately for the Catholic Church, Mr. Huxley is one of "those possessed by that rare, dangerous and uneasy passion, the passion for liberty." The general tone of his remarks on religion may be gathered from the following quotation: "It may be noted in passing, that whenever authors make use of such locutions as 'real essence' and 'higher truth,' whenever they speak of ideas as being 'natural,' 'inherently right,' 'approved by universal consent,' or 'by all right-thinking men,' they are simply decking out their own strongly held and emotionally tinged convictions or prejudices in disguises which will impress the reader." Mr.

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Huxley is the complete sceptic! There is nothing inherently right, he seems to think, and as for universal consent, it is merely the invention of some clever theologian who anticipated the journalistic mind.

In spite of the author's extreme scepticism, so characteristic of many modern minds, he acknowledges the need for the spiritual life, though just exactly what he means by the term is somewhat difficult to discover. Apparently always to our author's mind: "A sense of awe in face of the mysteries and immensities of the world" is the intellectual core of all religion and this "finds its active as opposed to its intellectual expression in the form of propitiatory ritual." This sense of awe and the need of ritual exist to a greater or less degree in all men, and when formal religion is on the decline, as Mr. Huxley declares it to be today, then they find their expression in the cult of Ku Klux Klannery, extreme nationalism, "smut-houndery," prohibition and all the other absurdities with which the modern world is plagued. It is strange that Mr. Huxley, who sees the disease so clearly, does not see the remedy.

In any case his latest collection of essays is an eminently readable and thought-provoking book without a dull page. Whether one agrees with the author or not, it is impossible to doubt his absolute sincerity. It is to be hoped that with age he will lose his passion for rocking the boat and settle down to rowing. He should pull a hefty oar.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER.

As a Man Thinks

The Mind, by various authors; edited by R. J. S. McDowall. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.00.

THIS book is a reprint of a series of lectures delivered at King's College, London. As always in such cases, the lectures are of uneven value, though all of them are worth reading no doubt by psychologists, as displaying the attitudes of a number of well-known persons to the subjects committed to their charge.

The present reviewer finds in Professor Seligmann's article on Anthropology the gem of the collection, and a real gem. For his discussion of the two mental attitudes, the extravert, the good mixer, and the intravert, the man of reserve, in connection with the leading strata of populations in Europe and in other parts of the world, particularly China and Japan, is of very great interest and novelty. And what a fascinating thought that all, without exception, of the noted gunmen, the great "killers" of the "wild and woolly West" have been blondes!

One had always envisaged them as persons with long, wavy, black tresses and walrus-like inky moustaches. Yet "Billy the Kid," whose biography has recently been published, who had slain a score of men before someone "bumped him off" prior to his twenty-first birthday, had light brown hair, grey eyes and a long colorless face—in other words the typical Nordic; while "wild Bill Hickock" had "the beauty of a Greek god," with blue eyes and yellow hair falling on his shoulders. It can hardly be supposed that the framers of the pro-Nordic immigration laws had these facts before them. We must not linger, however, over the vista opened here but turn to the remaining essays.

Dr. Hadfield on psychotherapy has some very interesting things to say and so has Professor Wilson who deals with education and whose remarks may be commended to the attention of pedagogues in every country. The Reverend Professor Matthews, who deals with philosophy, confesses that he is "an

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impenitent idealist," so that we know what we are going to get from him; but in addition we get excellent criticism of some modern rills of thought and especially of that of emergent evolution, the inherent weakness of which, in its failure to provide an explanation of itself, is well displayed by Dr. Matthews.

Naturally one turns to the first two essays on biology, i. e. anatomy or structure, and physiology or function, as keynotes to the series. In the first we find Professor Aldous Huxley preaching the old, dreary, we had hoped almost exploded, doctrine, that "such men and all men, mind and all, are but particular arrangements of the universal world-stuff," by which fine-sounding words is implied that man's intellectual part is nothing but a development of whirling atoms in local motion. And parenthetically who—for a ducat—are "such men"? Buddha, Michelangelo, Edison and the Founder of the Christian religion! There was an older and, with all respect may it be said, a wiser Huxley, who told the world that whether it was his soft heart or his hard head that drove him to that conclusion, he was sure that, besides matter and movement in the universe, there was also consciousness which, though associated with both the others, was in no way derived from them. And surely it was scarcely necessary in the physiological article to insist on the fact that the manifestations of mind are associated with the brain and cannot take place without it under existing cosmic conditions?

As for the remaining articles they are worth reading or they would not be where they are, but they do not seem to us to contain anything very new either in matter or in presentation. But the volume ought to find a place in libraries of philosophy.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Big Playhour

The Great American Band-Wagon: A Study of Exaggerations, by Charles Merz. New York: The John Day Company. $3.00.

IF ONE wished to pick out the dozen or so most distinctive features of the contemporary American scene, what would they be? Charles Merz, surveying the situation with the eye of a trained journalist, has made a selection of certain very obvious ones, striking in themselves and rather appalling when gathered together. Industry is not one of them, for industry, if more efficiently developed here than elsewhere, is nevertheless essentially the same over the whole world. But, aside from industry, the occupations which Mr. Merz enumerates, devoting a gay, swift chapter to each, do largely sum up the present-day activities of American life. How does the average American spend his time when he is not at work? And why does he so spend it? The Great American Band-Wagon gives at least a part of the answer. And an important point to note in this answer is that the present-day American spends his time not only differently from the way in which the inhabitants of any other land spends his, but also utterly differently from the way in which he himself spent his time a very few years ago. All of the features of American life which Mr. Merz discusses have developed within a single generation.

First, the outdoor sports: automobile touring—an average of 220,000 cars forever on the road, racing, as Mr. Merz unkindly puts it, from one standardized filling-station to the next; golf—more putting greens in this fair land of ours than public libraries or savings banks. The explanation, Mr. Merz assures us, going rather a long way to get it, lies in our pioneering blood which urges us to be aimlessly on the move or to rehearse safely in the hazards of the golf-course the once actual dangers and difficulties of the early settlers. The same explanation serves for our third great outdoor amusement, the annual summer invasion of Europe, in regard to whose cultural effects Mr. Merz is as sceptical as are most of the directors of "educational tours" when one catches them outside of advertising hours.

The element of make-believe appears even more strongly in our great indoor sports: for example, in the transparent childish romanticism of the secret societies to which half the so-called adults of the nation belong; and in the cinema, which, in the alliterative words of Mr. Hays, has "lifted listless laboring folk till they have walked the peaks of romance and adventure!" It appears in the noon-day lunches snatched at a drug-store bar with mirrors, foot-rail and bogus keg, reminiscent of an earlier, happier day—unless perchance the amiable druggist fills a "prescription" which recalls that day more closely. It appears in the Spanish and Italian houses which constitute the latest efflorescence of American domestic architecture.

In all these ways, Mr. Merz suggests, we try to compensate for the increasingly hum-drum character of our lives by playing at romance. So with our rage for "headline heroes": Let a man cross the Atlantic in an airplane or commit a peculiarly atrocious murder, and equally the newspapers focus their gaze upon him. If Lindbergh deserved the space given him, did the Hall-Mills murder deserve its 12,000,000 words—"enough, if put into book form, to make a shelf of novels twenty-two feet long"? Mr. Merz ironically suggests that the state could easily turn its murder trials from a source of expense into a source of revenue by holding them in large bowls capable of accommodating from thirty to fifty thousand people.

Other amusements of recent development are the beauty contest and the prize-fight—the latter old in years but young in glory, as illustrated by the difference between the 2,000 who watched the Corbett-Choynski fight in 1889, and the 140,000 who saw—or rather attended—the recent Tunney-Dempsey match. Finally there are our educational amusements: radio, "the great unifier and educator of the whole American people," according to Mr. Caldwell of the Radio Commission, with from one-half to two-thirds of its time given up to jazz; and our monster modern colleges, devoted to athletics, social activities and a chaotic conglomeration of courses leading everywhere and nowhere.

Well, here they are, our amusements: colleges, automobiles, golf, European travel, secret societies, beauty contests, prize-fights, the cinema, the drinking of milk-shakes or adulterated alcohol, the reading of murder trials and the listening to jazz. What is one to make of them? Mr. Merz is little of a moralist; he is primarily a man who aimed to write an interesting book and succeeded. And one would indeed be a churlish moralist who would harp too insistently upon the frivolity of these amusements, most of them innocent and the worst of them a cut above gladiatorial combats or bull-fights. Yet even one indulgent to some or all of these pursuits must feel a certain sinking of the heart as he looks over the list. So many of them—the college, the newspaper, travel, the radio and the movies—represent largely wasted opportunities. There is so much sham connected with the whole thing. Puritanism is dead and paganism has returned, but paganism with a slightly bad conscience which must pretend to be improving itself when it is really merely having a good time. We employ our leisure like children, but we talk about it like old men. Neither attitude is wholly admirable.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

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Chains of Harmony

From Grieg to Brahms, by Daniel Gregory Mason. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

The Borderland of Music and Psychology, by Frank Howes. New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.25.

DR. MASON'S volume is a re-issue; solid academic studies whose new material is in the form of a postscript added by the author on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their publication. One can safely say that nothing remains to be said, critically, of the composers monographed in this book, who are: Grieg, Dvorak, Saint-Saens, Franck, Tschaikovsky and Brahms. But the new generation forms annually the new block on the subscription books of our orchestras, and to each of these Dr. Mason's essays can be recommended. For they cover very well a cross-section of the romantic school, whose huge output forms the bulk of the current symphonic repertoire by reason of its popularity—and is likely so to continue for some time.

It would be difficult to find a better guide or interpreter for the romantic school than Dr. Mason, for his aesthetic outlook remains of a piece with theirs. Consequently one may say that his significance departed with theirs.

If I have implied that Dr. Mason's spirit remains behind with the romantics, I should add that his judgment remained also, for he can allow himself to write at this late day: "Grieg, with his characteristic appeal to the amateur through the salon quality of his pieces, has suffered from the competition of those impressionist composers, notably Debussy, who have come into fashion since 1900. The school-girls now play Debussy who then played Grieg." Let us qualify this by adding that school-girls also play Mozart and sing Palestrina!

Mr. Howes's volume seeks to plumb the "psychology of music"—as if anyone really believes such a bogy exists! So unseductive a title promises heavy reading—which it is. And how could it be otherwise, since the idea of problems in music is mythological (and often pathological) and where they are not myths they are for the composer to worry over. The completed work is, willy nilly, the solved problem.

As I see it, writers on musical problems, where these are not purely technical questions of creation, must lapse into a kind of mental coma, wherein are set up a variety of windmills to tilt at. They speak of the incomprehensibility of music, when it is the most popular of the arts: "the universal language." Man takes to music as naturally as he does to food: without a reading course—at least such books as The Borderland and others of this hybrid genre, which only serve to scare away the tyro with talk of "problems." And I submit that it is inconceivable that one's discrimination is improved one whit by such study.

When centuries of investigations, critiques, etc., reveal but the shell of music, it would seem, for the present at any rate, an intelligent observation that the essential character of music is indefinable. To note that this mystery, this elusiveness, is the very "substance" of music's appeal, might be crude indeed; and yet the observation cannot be ruled out because of its crudity. The underlying force, the raison d'être, is by nature always crude; how else could it survive analysis and abide eternity?

This dissertation, however, is endless; the mind travels in circles, for there is no known goal. It is impossible to synthesize The Borderland, accordingly a review of the book can end wherever one chooses to place the period. The reader will already have concluded whether this book is for him or not.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

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Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1928. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1928.
(Seal) CELESTINE M. AUG.
(My commission expires March 30, 1929.)

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Chivalry's Shrine

The Cult of Santiago, by James S. Stone. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $6.00.

A SCHOLARLY Anglican clergyman, Reverend James Stone, D.D., previously known for his work on Anglican devotions and English and American history and literature, has been moved by the mysterious charm of the great saint and shrine of Compostela, to recite the story of its importance in literature and religion for more than a thousand years.

The three volumes of Georgiana Goddard King on The Way of Saint James (The Hispanic Society Press) published in 1920, presented a rare encyclopedia of the lore of Santiago and the contributory learning in archaeology, history and national Spanish politics, which were called for in the full consideration of so vast and important a subject. Galicia, that northwestern point lying so far away from the modern trails of commerce and touring, has fallen out of the course of our Catholic scholarship busy with the polemics of a more modern Europe and more ancient religious foundations. But when we remember the old-time greatness and power of an Archbishop of Santiago like Gelmirez, who in the mind of a scholar like Dr. Stone comes to assume an importance that could hold its head with the Popes themselves, we must regret that our own orthodox position, our own shrine of Saint James, the son of thunder, should be left in the hands, however amiable and learned, of scholars like Miss King and Dr. Stone, whose religious interpretations and connotations are not always in full harmony with Catholic belief.

Miss King's work would seem to have exhausted the field of research on The Way of Saint James, and, indeed, except for a sort of scholarly expansiveness, Dr. Stone has found little with which to supplement her findings. For his part, he brings an easy-chair method, a mellifluous intonation to the story, that were rather conspicuously absent from Miss King's work. Our readers will find great pleasure to be derived from his book and much profit to be obtained if they will always be mindful that the complexion of the author's mind is Anglican, that he neglects no opportunity to insinuate and give confirmation to his nationalist view of Church history and seldom neglects to touch upon the disputed point or the embarrassing episode that will fortify his own religious contention and leave, at least in question, the security of ancient faith in the Holy See. Nevertheless our communion in faith with the founders, developers, priests and the pilgrims of all the world for whom Compostela was perhaps the holiest place in the world after Jerusalem and Rome, may well inspire us with considerable joy that in America such fine souls and scholars as Dr. Stone and Miss King have devoted their abilities to that shrine's great patron saint.

RODERICK GILL.

Peril on the Sea

Moving Waters: a Story of the Two Sea Services. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IT IS difficult to understand why Edward Noble should have taken his title from the words of Keats:

> . . . Watching with eternal lids apart
> Like Nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
> The moving waters at their priest-like task
> Of pure ablution round earth's human shores!

since the waters he writes of are warlike rather than priest-like, and are filled with U-boats and U-boat destroyers. Much of Moving Waters is concerned with purely British questions that will have little zest for American readers. Mr. Noble is particularly interested in the status of the British merchant marine and devotes some time to pointing out its ambiguous and unprotected situation during war.

But once Mr. Noble gets aboard ship it is a different story, and one of flashing action. The fights at sea are depicted with as much gusto and enthusiasm as those of the indomitable Captain Marryat. The ramming of U-62 by the Chilianwallah is as hair-raising an encounter as can be found in the annals of sea-fights.

Mr. Noble succeeds remarkably in giving life and character to all the ships he tells of. When the smoke clears away from one skirmish "quite suddenly out of the blurred and steaming air, the tramp appeared, lying drunkenly on her bilge"; or the Vulcan, newly fitted out, meets her first heavy weather: "she put down her head, considering these things, and half the channel rose in her path, fell upon her—and then noisily essayed escape. It was an experience." So everywhere these monsters of the sea are living creatures that one comes to know as interesting individuals.

The human beings in the story are less interesting than the ships. They run true to war-time form, being easily divisible into decent folk (fellow-countrymen) and beasts (the enemy).

GLADYS GRAHAM.

Ancestral Tangles

The Madeleine Heritage, by Martin Mills. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $2.50.

TO THOSE concerned with the subject of inherited character The Madeleine Heritage will be of special interest, for it is a study of the conflict of two strong tendencies to gain predominance in a family. With the union of Madeleine du Rémy des Baux, a French beauty of careless virtue, to Reverend Simon Montfort, there was introduced into a conservative and aristocratic English family the element of vivacity and disregard of social codes that was to play much mischief with their descendants for the following 150 years. On this interesting base, Mr. Mills builds up a tale vivid in its continual conflict of codes. And the dramatic values are heightened because the Montforts left England to settle in Australia—thus introducing the need for adapting life and customs to a completely new environment. An environment toward which some of the members of the family were contemptuous and which others found most harmonious to their needs.

Unfortunately Mr. Mills has included, in his setting, too many characters of minor importance. This makes the book indefinite and casts over it an atmosphere of unreality which is not suitable to a novel of this type. There are places which appear to the reader to be panoramas of numberless people whose actions and thoughts are inconsequential to the main sweep of the story. But in some cases the contrast of ideals is brought out masterfully. Excellent examples of this are the the differences between Sim and Sam and those between Amy and Ada. And there are cases such as that of Richard or Raoul where the struggle for mastership between the conflicting codes is even more powerful for they are united in a single personality.

There are shrewd observations of life and excellent satire throughout the book. Mr. Mills shows independence and universality in his remarks for he does not side with any party or creed or school of art. He sees the strong and weak points in all, and is ready to be kindly and sarcastic to each in turn.

RUTH DAVIS.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!"

"Thus it was we sang in boyhood-girlhood days as we rigorously preserved the ring formation. (See works by Squibbs, Rackles and Spotless on the Rounds, Ronds and Wheel Dances of the Basque Primitives and the Malayan Islanders.)

"Falling down, did you say, Doctor," queried Britannicus, weary after his Tenebrae and Three Hours' preparation for Easter. "Did you say falling down or being knocked down by the auctioneer in some American art shop?"

"I said falling down, Britannicus," replied Angelicus, a bit testily. "We can hardly trust these Europeans with their ruins any longer. Everything that we can import, renovate, repaint and revarnish we have already attended to. But here is that old Charlemagne Tower, which has long been classified among the immovables, collapsing suddenly in the middle of the night, awakening the good burghers of Tours with one mighty roar as it passed into debris! Queen Hildegarde in her tomb since 782 A. D., third wife of Charlemagne, may have been pressed farther underground by this collapse, but as the Huguenots of the sixteenth century and the street commissioners of 1802 had done their best to demolish her votive church, we must confine our sympathies to the tourists and their confederates, the hotel-keepers, in regretting the old tower that has vanished from their catalogue of attractions.

"We trust also that something has been done in the way of reinforcements for the Burgos Cathedral, built in 1221 by Ferdinand the Saint, and the English Bishop Maurice. Last year it too was falling, when the Spanish government voted funds to save the towers, the perforated tower-caps and lantern designed by the German Meister Hans, and finished some three hundred years after the laying of the corner-stone. What the weather, winds and rains of the northern Spanish uplands have taken eight centuries to effect must be met with applications of steel and concrete and modern machinery. Let us hope that the antique appearance of the edifice will not be marred and that we may be spared the shock of a renovated twentieth-century structure. Can we ever forget the horror we registered when we saw the Cathedral of Palermo dry-cleaned and window-washed, its glorious laceries of cobwebs brushed away under the rule of Mussolini!"

"Doctor, you make a point of some important relevance," said Britannicus, consulting his snuff-box. "Europe must preserve its antiquities if it is to keep any of its importance in the American mind. This cleaning-up process has its dangers, as was well illustrated in the story I have heard of the sad fate of a French traveler, Duval, on a train taking him to act as godfather in a distant village.

"It seems that he was obliged to change his trains, and stretched himself for a siesta on a grass-plot near the station. As soon as he was ensconced in his second compartment and found himself alone with his conscience, he felt the lower parts of his anatomy devoured by angry ants. Obeying a primitive instinct of self-preservation, and taking advantage of his solitary state in the compartment, Monsieur Duval hurriedly removed his trousers and started to shake them vigorously from the window of the moving train. But at that instant the train ducked across a bridge, when he had a fleeting glimpse of his trousers dangling from one of the bridge supports. The train

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thereupon halted at a small station, where two country-women selected Duval's compartment for their journey. One glance at the untrousered Duval and the women sprang up and pulled the danger signal: the train was halted and the unfortunate godfather-in-futuro was haled forth and denounced amid the ribald laughter of the townsfolk in the local police station. There with some difficulty he was able to persuade the official that he was not a perpetual sansculotte, and the sympathies of the male attendants of the court procured him the loan of another pair of inexpressibles with which he was able to proceed on his journey and stand up with some decorum at the baby's baptismal font. He has never since been known to smile when any of his friends advised him to 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,' and he positively refuses even to 'consider his ways' in any entomological rhetoric whatever."

"My own sympathies, Britannicus, have been deeply stirred, as an old-time altar boy, when I read that account of a wedding in Poland where the officiating priest at a marriage refused to meet the bride in her abbreviated wedding-gown until she and her bridesmaids had covered themselves with the cassocks belonging to the altar boys. I shook with suppressed rage in sympathy with A Distressed Ex-Altar Boy in his protest to The Tablet: 'Unless we call a halt on these abuses, the early-rising and much-abused server will be called on to lend his cassock to a corpse at a requiem; to the stout prima-donna at a High Mass; to the usher when he takes up the collection; to the sexton or even the housekeeper when she serves Father's breakfast. Consider the violation of all Church rubrics! If this color was black it serves the bride right—or white like the K. K. K., or red to match the hair. I ask you'—note the intensity of style in this—'did the cassock fit, or was it shorter than the discarded dress? What did the altar boys wear?' "

"The situation has all the elements of a church scandal, Angelicus; and I trust our gentle ritualist, Dean Cuthbert, will never hear of it; to rob his servers of the fringe upon their scarlet sashes, to deprive the lady choristers of their mortar-boards and golden tassels, would be equivalent to putting out the ancient fires on the shrines of Patrick and Bridget, and desolating the service to an absolutely Calvinistic abandonment. Let us keep the vestiaries of our altar boys intact, and I care not who writes our laws. At the coming convention of the National Ex-Altar Boys' League, I shall bring up the question for definite legislation, you may be sure."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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